

2-0

POSTHUMOUS
WORKS
OF

Dr. GEORGE SEWELL,

Late of *Hampstead*, PHYSICIAN.

VIZ.

- I. The TRAGEDY of King RICHARD the First.
- II. An ESSAY on the USEFULNESS of SNAILS in MEDICINE.
- III. Two *Moral Essays*, on the Government of the Thoughts, and on *Death*.

To which are added,

POEMS on *Several Occasions*,

Published in His LIFE-TIME.

L O N D O N:

Printed for HENRY CURLL in *Clement's-Inn*.

M. DCC. XX. VIII.





TO HIS

G R A C E

T H E

Duke of Newcastle.

My LORD,



THE OPERA of RICHARD
the *First* being the pre-
sent Entertainment of the
Court, and my Brother having
signified to Your Grace, that he
was honoured with the Sentiments
of Mr. Secretary *Addison*, in think-
ing this a proper Subject for the
Drama,

vi DEDICATION.

Drama, drew some Scenes in order to the forming a *Tragedy* thereon.

In the Address to Your Lordship prefixed to the last Collection of His POEMS, printed in the Year 1720, he first applies to Mr. *Addison*, and concludes his Apostrophe to Your Grace in the following Lines.

O! had You liv'd to fan the kindled Rage,
E'en I the least, the lowest of the Stage,
To Your *Own* fav'rite Theme the Lyre had strung,
And Great *Plantagenet* triumphant sung,
First of His Line, which mighty in Extent
Shines forth in *George*, and brightens by Descent.
Then had You heard the *Poet-Monarch's* Strains,
And view'd Your Garter first on *Jewry's* Plains.

Upon

DEDICATION. vii

Upon this Motive, my Lord, I hope You will forgive the present Interruption, since I look upon it as my incumbent Duty to put these Papers of my Brother's under Your Protection, being, with the most profound Respect,

Your Grace's Obedient,

Humble Servant,

GREGORY SEWELL.

DEDICATION

Upon this Motive my Lord, I
hope You will forgive the present
Interposition, since I look upon it
as my incumbent Duty to put
these Papers of my Brother's un-
der Your Protection, being, with
the most profound Respect,

Your Grace's Obedient

Humble Servant,

GRABOY & SHWARTZ



THE
L I F E
O F
King RICHARD the First.



O illustrate, in some Measure, the Scenes now submitted to the Publick, it has been thought proper to premise a short Narrative of the Life of that Prince, on whose History it is founded, which I have extracted from Monsieur RAPIN, *viz.*

RICHARD the First was second Son of HENRY the Second, and born in the Year 1158. He was a Prince of a restless and fiery Temper, and in his Youth often revolted from his Father, and went into *France*, where, being seduced by the *French* King, he raised many Troubles

[a]

against

against him. However, in the Year 1187, by a Stratagem of his Father's, he abruptly left the Court of *France*, and returned home; in which Year also *Philip* and *Henry* make a Truce, and undertake the CRUSADE, or Expedition to the Holy Land, in which *Prince Richard* was to assist in Person; but this Amity did not long continue between the two Monarchs, for the Year following, a Rupture broke out, which set aside their intended Expedition, and *Richard* again revolted from his Father, and went over to the *French King*.

This, with the hard Terms impos'd by *Philip*, and which he was fain to agree to, together with his discovering, that, during the late War, his beloved Son, *Prince John*, had held Intelligence with *Philip*, and was concern'd in all his Brother's Plots to dethrone him, rais'd his Grief to such a Pitch, that, in Excess of Passion, he curs'd the Day in which he was born, and utter'd divers Imprecations against his Sons, which he could never be brought to revoke. He quickly after fell sick at *Chinon*, where he died in the Year 1189. Such was the End

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of *Henry* the Second, one of the most illustrious Princes of his Time, both for Greatness of Genius, and Extent of Dominion, and who used to say, in his Prosperity, *The whole World was but sufficient for one Great Man.*

Richard was hardly on the Throne, when, for fear he should forget his Promise, *Philip* sent to put him in mind of it. There was no need to use much Solicitation to incline him to that Undertaking. So far was he from desiring to be excused, that his Thoughts were wholly employ'd in making Preparations for his Journey, and all his other Affairs laid aside for the sake of that. After *Richard* had taken all the Measures he thought necessary for the well-governing the State, he was willing to secure its Tranquility, by renewing his Alliances with the Kings of *Scotland* and *Wales*. With this View, he desir'd these two Princes to come into *England*, in order to regulate all the Affairs he might have with them, and to take from them all Pretence of disturbing the Peace of his Subjects. The former, who had Reason to sit down contented, made a strict Alliance

with him, and sent Prince *David*, his Brother, to attend him in this Expedition, with 500 *Scotchmen*. *Griffin*, King of *Wales*, had sent into *England*, *Rees*, his eldest Son; but some Difference, in Point of *Ceremony*, arising that Prince returned home without seeing the King. All Things being ready for his Departure, *Richard* pass'd over into *France*, with all his Troops, and march'd for *Marseilles*, where his Fleet had Orders to wait for him. The two Armies of *France* and *England* join'd at *Vezelai*, as had been agreed upon. As soon as the two Kings arrived there, they renew'd their Alliance, and obliged themselves to protect and defend one another upon all Occasions. After the two Monarchs had concerted every Thing that was thought necessary towards accomplishing their Designs, they march'd together as far as *Lyons*, where they parted, *Philip* set forward for *Genoa*, and *Richard* for *Marsellies*, where he was to meet his Fleet. But a violent Storm had so dispers'd his Ships, that they had not been able to join again, and part of them, by Stress of Weather, were driven into *Portugal*: His Eagerness to be at *Messina*, the general Rendezvous of the *Croises*, made

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made him fit out some Vessels at *Marseilles*, and having embark'd part of his Troops, he set sail for *Sicily*. Quickly after he had the Satisfaction to see his Fleet arrive with the rest of the Army, and continuing his Course towards *Messina*, he arrived there the 20th of *September* 1190. The Sight of so vast an Armament caus'd no less Admiration in the *Sicilians*, than Jealousy in the King of *France*, who beheld with Regret the Forces of his *Vassal* superior to his own.

Tancred, who then reigned in *Sicily*, had, for some Time, shut up in Prison the Queen *Dowager*, who was Sister to *Richard*, but upon his Arrival she was set at Liberty, and sent to the King, her Brother, who would not take up with so slight a Satisfaction, but demanded, for her, the *Dower* that had been assigned her by King *William* II, her Husband, and threatned to use Force, in case *Tancred* refused to comply, who being backward in giving him the Satisfaction he required, *Richard* seized upon a Castle and Monastery, not far from *Messina*, where he laid up his Stores under a strong Garrison. *Tancred* at the same Time so managed it, that the Inhabitants

bitants of *Messina* took Occasion, from some Disorder that happened in the City, to expel thence all the *English*, which could not be done without the loss of some Lives. *Richard*, incens'd at this Outrage, resolv'd to attack *Messina*; but *Tancred*, who was at *Palermo*, protested to him, that he had no Hand in the Riot, and that he would punish the Authors of it: This appeas'd *Richard* for some Time; but he putting off too long the promis'd Satisfaction, pursuant to his former Resolution, *Richard* attack'd the City so furiously, that he became Master of it in the first Assault. He was no sooner enter'd, but he order'd his Banners to be display'd on the Walls, even in that Part of the Town which had been allotted to the *French*. For by a former Agreement, the City was to be divided into two Parts, and each Nation to have one Half to themselves for their necessary Occasions: This had like to have came to an entire Rupture, had it not been made up by the Mediation of the Great Men on both Sides; and *Richard* took down his Banners, protesting he had no Design to affront *Philip*.

Tancred

Tancred at the same Time was busy in sowing Dissension between the two Monarchs, thereby thinking to revenge himself of both at once. To that Purpose he privately warn'd the King of *England*, that *Philip* was concerting ill Designs against him. He even shew'd him a Letter which he said he had from the Duke of *Burgundy*, wherein it appear'd, that what he told him was not without Ground; *Richard* gave Ear to his Information, and complain'd of *Philip*, who, on the other Hand, accus'd him of seeking Pretences to dissolve their Union. This Quarrel went so far, that the two Monarchs came at length to an open Rupture; *Philip* sent *Richard* word, that unless he consummated the Marriage with *Alice* (his Sister) as he had promis'd to do, he should look upon him as his mortal Foe. *Richard*, as boldly replied, that he could by no Means marry a Princess, of whom the King, his Father, had begotten a Son; and offer'd to prove it by Witnesses who were there upon the Spot. *Philip* not thinking proper to push this Matter any further, persuaded, as he was, that the Honour of the Princess, his Sister, might greatly

ly suffer by it, he desisted from his Demand. After several Conferences, he agreed, that *Richard* should have Liberty to marry whom he pleased, a Liberty which that Prince had already taken of himself, by concluding a Marriage with * *Berenguella* of *Navarre*. *Philip's* Moderation seem'd to cause an entire Reconciliation between the two Kings; but *Tancred's* late Information had made so deep an Impression on the Mind of *Richard*, and what *Richard* had offer'd to prove concerning *Alice*, had so exasperated *Philip*, that from thenceforward they were newer more Friends. However, the two Monarchs having spent the Winter at *Messina*, made themselves ready for their Voyage as soon as the Season permitted. *Philip* set sail first, *Richard* not being able to go with him, because he expected *Eleanor*, his Mother, who was bringing along with her the Princess of *Navarre*, his Bride.

Accordingly these two Princesses arriv'd a few Days after *Philip* sail'd; but *Eleanor* re-

* This was her Name, but the Doctor, by Poetical Licence, calls her, in the following Scenes, *Berengaria*.

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turn'd forthwith, leaving *Berenguella* with the Queen Dowager of *Sicily*, her Daughter, who was to accompany the King, her Brother, to the *Holy Land*. Immediately after *Eleanor's* Departure, *Richard* put to Sea with his Fleet: But as they were rowing between the Islands of *Cyprus* and *Rhodes*, a sudden Storm arose, which dispers'd the Ships, and drove part of them on Shore on the Coast of *Cyprus*. *Isaac*, though then King of that Isle, was a covetous, cruel, and brutish Man, and so inhuman was he, that, instead of assisting the *English* that were stranded just by the Port of *Limiso*, he imprison'd those that had escap'd the Shipwreck, and seiz'd their Effects, and would not so much as suffer the Ship that had the Princesses on board to enter his Harbour, but was so cruel as to leave them exposed to the Wind and Seas. The Fleet at length join'd again on the Coast of *Cyprus*, and *Richard* heard, with extream Indignation, the Barbarity of *Isaac* towards the *English*; but, not to retard his Voyage, sent only to demand the Prisoners; but receiving an insulting Answer, he set about landing his Men, and so furiously attack'd *Isaac*, that he compell'd him to abandon the

[b] Shore,

Shore, after having made great Havock of his Troops. The *English* improving their Advantage, went directly and assaulted the City of *Limiso*, which they carried by the first Attack; and * *Isaac*, with his only Daughter, were made Prisoners: He earnestly besought *Richard* not to put him in Irons, who, insulting over his Misfortune, granted him his Request, in a literal Sense, by commanding him to be bound in Silver Fetters. Here it was that *Richard* consummated his Marriage with *Berenguella*. About this Time *Saladine* became Master of *Palestine*, and of *Jerusalem*. For the Recovery of this lost Kingdom it was that the Kings of *France* and *England* had undertaken the present Expedition, with numerous Armies made up of all the Nations of *Europe*, but chiefly the *French* and *English*. Before *Philip's* Arrival in *Palestine*, divers *Christian* Princes had jointly laid Siege to *Acres*, or *Ptolemais*, which Siege had already lasted a whole Year. As soon as *Philip*, who sail'd first from *Messina*, had landed his Men, he

* This is the Captive King of *Cyprus*, mentioned in the following Scenes,

encamp'd round the City, and continued the Siege, though with little Success. *Richard* arriving afterwards with fresh Troops, vigorously carried it on; and at length, after *Saladine* had made divers fruitless Attempts to raise the Siege, the City surrender'd upon Terms.

The taking of *Acres* seem'd to encourage the two Kings to form fresh Projects: But just as the *Christian* Army expected to march to *Jerusalem*, a Diffension * arose between the two Leaders, which frustrated their Expectations. *Richard* had acquir'd a certain Superiority, which extreamly mortified the King of *France*. His Jealousy was visible on all Occasions; but as he durst not openly complain, that his Rival was more respected than himself, he sought some other Pretences to colour his Resentment. The first he made use of, was to demand of *Richard* half the Isle of *Cyprus*, pretending that their Agreement was, equally to share all their Conquests. *Richard* made Answer, that the

* This Diffension the Doctor had an Eye to, in the opening of the Second Act.

Articles of their Convention related only to what should be won from the *Infidels*. This Dispute went so far, that *Philip* resolved to return home; in the midst of these Heats and Contests, they were both seized with the same Distemper, which had like to have carried them off; but they got over it only with the loss of their Hair. After their Recovery, *Richard* appeared more eager than ever to push on his Conquests over the *Infidels*. But *Philip* continued his Resolution of returning to *France*. One of the *Articles* of their Agreement was, that neither of them should desert the Cause, without the other's Consent. *Richard* insisted upon that *Article*, and refus'd to agree to *Philip's* Departure, till such time as they were Masters of *Jerusalem*. However, as he could not constrain him to stay, he left him to do as he pleased. Upon quitting *Palestine*, he left 10,000 of his Men under the Command of the Duke of *Burgundy*. A little after the Departure of the King of *France*, *Richard* and *Saladine* exhibited a Spectacle of Horror to their Armies, by commanding the Prisoners each had in his Power to be put to Death.

Soon

Soon after this he obtained a great Victory over *Saladine*, and continued his March towards the Maritime Cities of *Ascalon*, *Joppa*, and *Cæsarea*, which *Saladine* had thought fit to abandon, after having demolish'd their Walls. *Richard* repaired the Cities, and erected Magazines for his Army, which obliged this victorious Prince to stay some time at *Joppa*. As soon as the maritime Places were sufficiently repair'd, he march'd towards *Ferusalem*, which he had resolv'd to besiege. In his Way he had the good Fortune to meet the *Babylon-Caravan*, which was carrying to *Ferusalem* a prodigious Quantity of rich Merchandizes, and Provisions of all Kinds. The Caravan was guarded by 10,000 Horse, who finding themselves near the *Christian* Army, would immediately have retreated. But *Richard* taking with him 5000 chosen Horsemen, fell upon them with great Fury, and, having put them to Flight, became Master of the *Caravan*. He took, on this Occasion, 3000 loaded Camels, and 4000 Horses, or Mules, with an inestimable Booty, all which he order'd to be distributed among his Soldiers. After this
lucky

lucky Rencontre, having continued on his March towards *Jerusalem*, he came to a Hill, from whence he had the Pleasure to survey that famous City, the taking of which was the chief End of his Expedition.

In the mean time, as the Country round about was destitute of Forrage, he saw himself under the fatal Necessity of putting off the Siege till the next Spring. This Delay furnish'd his Enemies, and those that envied him, with a Pretence to desert him, which they did, the Duke of *Austria* leading the Way, and the Duke of *Burgundy* quickly following him. This, with the News he receiv'd of what was doing in *England*, occasion'd his consenting to a three Year's Truce with *Saladine*, after he had gain'd several Advantages for the *Christians*, one of which was, that they should have Liberty to go in Pilgrimage to *Jerusalem*, without paying any thing for it, and have free Commerce throughout all *Saladine's* Dominions. The Treaty being concluded, *Richard* sent *Saladine* word, that he might depend upon seeing him again, to try once more to wrest the *Holy Land* out of his Hands. The *Sultan*, with a Politeness

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ness which had nothing of the *Barbarian* in it, return'd for Answer, That, *if it must be his Fate to lose that Part of his Dominions, he had rather it should be to the King of England than to any other Monarch in the World.* Thus ended the famous *Crusado*, which had drain'd *France* and *England* both of *Men* and *Money*, proving but of very little Benefit to the *Eastern Christians*, whilst it ruin'd those of *Europe*, by the prodigious Sums therein expended.

The Affairs of the East being settled, *Richard*, impatient to return to *England*, embark'd at *Ptolemais*, but being shipwreck'd on the Coast of *Istria*, between *Aquileia* and *Venice*, he fell into the Hands of the Duke of *Austria*, and being demanded by the Emperor, *Henry VI*, he was delivered up to him. At length having remain'd fifteen Months a Prisoner, he was set at Liberty, and return'd safe to *Eng-*

After what Manner the sad *Catastrophe* of his Death was to have been introduc'd in the following Tragedy, we are at a Loss to know; however, the true Occasion of it was as follows.

A Limo-

A *Limosin* Gentleman having found, in his Estate, a Treasure which had been hid there for many Ages: The King pretended, that as it were found in a Country of which he had the Sovereignty (being held of the Dutchy of *Guienne*) it belong'd to him. The Gentleman was willing to compound the Matter, by giving him part, but finding he was bent upon having the whole, he applied to *Vidomar*, Viscount of *Limoges*, for Protection, who shelter'd him in his Castle of *Chaluz*. *Richard*, who had not been wont to meet with Opposition from his Inferiors, march'd directly into *Limosin*, in order to lay Siege to the Castle to which the Gentleman had retir'd. When he came nigh the Place, he had a Mind to take a Turn round it, in order to view it. But as he approach'd too near, one *Bertrand*, an Archer, who was upon the Walls, let fly an Arrow at him, which shot him in the Shoulder, close to his Neck. The Wound was not in it self mortal, but it proved so thro' the Unskillfulness of the Surgeon. *Richard's* Behaviour after he was wounded, is most pathetically described in this Tragedy.



THE
TRAGEDY
OF

King Richard the First.

ACT I.

Enter MAURO and SOLYMAN, two Saracens.

MAURO.



How what a Tract of vast unmeasur'd
Space,
These Christian Chiefs have led their
wand'ring Host;

Their Sails have courted every Wind that blows,
And wanton'd in variety of Seas.

Calpe beheld them pass his rocky Height,
Frown'd on their burden'd Ships with length of
Shade,

While they, undaunted, cut their watry Way,
And, smiling, cast back Fear upon his Brow.

In vain the Mountains rise, the Rivers swell,
They mock the Whirlpool, fighting, Ford the
Stream,

And, clogg'd in cumbrous Armour, climb the steep.

B

SOLY-

The TRAGEDY of

S O L Y M A N.

Such Praise, unblushing, we may give our Foes,
A Soldier's Honour brightens by the Blaze
Of neighbouring Virtue, and reflects new Light.

M A U R O.

But yet, methinks, 'tis wond'rous strange Success
Should wait as Servant to their moving Camp,
And hail them still victorious---See they bring
Monarchs enchained, rude Ravishments of War,
Bidding Captivity new Conquests make,
And stretch the Line of Bondage by the Hands
Of Princely Vassals, and of Royal Slaves.

S O L Y M A N.

And what the Recompence of all their Toil,
Slowly to gain what never can be kept,
For distant Conquests are like needy Friends
In Climes remote, who still dissemble Wants
'Till Wealth amass'd, Temptation glitt'ring nigh,
The Gift of Power too strong for Honour proves,
And makes the fair Possession all its own.
O! were their Arms and Policy alike!

M A U R O.

Their Arms! I scorn their Arms---

S O L Y M A N.

Have you forgot
By whose high Hand fair *Ptolemais* sunk,
Whose single Valour forced the guarded Trench,
And let in swift Destruction at his Heels.
Who, like a Whirlwind rais'd by Magic-Art,
Shook

King RICHARD I. 3

Shook all her Tow'rs and Battlements to Earth;
And left our frighted Deities to mourn
Their prostrate Temples, and their widow'd
Shrines.

Was any City of the peopled Earth,
Tho' built in Fable, and by hireling Gods,
So proudly strong, and yet so fairly won?

MAURO.

Why wouldst thou open that sad Scene of
Slaughter,
And set victorious *Richard* in my View?
More dreadful than their bold confed'rate Kings,
Whene'er the *Austrian* Eagle droops his Wings;
Or the *French* Lillies sicken at the War,
He plants his *English* Lions in the Breach;
Snatches the new-gain'd Conquest from our Hand,
And robs both Friend and Enemies of Fame.
I saw him, when, with manly Force, he sway'd,
Dire Instrument, the two-edg'd Battle-Axe,
Whose Weight requir'd a Giant's Arm to poise,
But he shook easy as a bending Reed,
Death follow'd close, and mark'd his Way with
Blood.

What Thousands then had fell, had not his Eye
Cast on an Infant Train, bad Slaughter cease,
Cease---Cease---he cry'd---These may be Chri-
stians yet---

SOLYMAN.

That Grace they owe to *Berengaria's* Lips,
(For so the Brother of the *Scottish* King,
Young *David*, Envoy once of happy Truce)
Has often told to our admiring Court,

B 2

He

He spoke the Dove-like Meekness of her Eye,
 The sweet Perswasion of her soften'd Look,
 Whene'er her Hero march'd, she, sighing, cry'd,
 O spare the Mother for the Infant's sake!
 O spare the Infant for the Mother's sake!

MAURO.

What End of Warring with so brave a Foe?

SOLYMAN.

I know not yet, but hourly we expect,
Achmet's Return, the favourite Renegade,
 Who went a Spy upon the Christian Camp.

MAURO.

I hate that faucy Convert to our Faith!
 'Tis true, he's brave, but hangs his Merit high,
 To catch the View of popular Regard;
 To us his Equals insolently vain,
 But to the Sultan fawning as a Slave,
 As damn'd a Whisperer in his Prince's Ear
 As *Eastern* Eunuchs, or a Christian Priest.
 And he, this Sycophant, this talking Warriour,
 Must hate *Armida* too, the warlike Maid,
 Whose valiant Deeds as far o'ermates his Worth,
 As *Richard's* mine---

SOLYMAN.

Mauro, compose thy Wrath,
 It ill becomes us when the Iron Hand
 Of War is waving o'er our City Gates,
 Threatning to fall and crush us to the Earth,
 To spend that Rage, that might prevent our Fate
 In civil Broils and Factions with our Friends.

Enter

King RICHARD I.

5

Enter a Captain.

CAPTAIN.

My Lords, the Princes, Counsellors, and Chiefs
Of all our Host are now in Counsel met,
Great *Saladine* himself is seated on the Throne,
And here's Prince *Achmet* from the Christian
Camp. [Exit,

SOLYMAN.

We come.

MAURO.

He said, Prince *Achmet*, did he not?
Now, by our Prophet, where do Titles grow?
Or does bright Honour, like Dame Fortune reign,
And blindfold fling her Largeesses on Earth,
While ev'ry Chance-Receiver wears as high
The flutt'ring Gift, as if his own by Right,
And from a Villain grows into a Prince;
A Prince, a Spy, an Office for a Dog,
That lurks and beats about the Field to spring
his Game.

[Exeunt,

SCENE



S C E N E II.

Enter SALADINE, ACHMET, SOLYMAN, MAURO, &c.

S A L A D I N E.

Lords, Princes, Brother-Soldiers of the Field,
Whose Valour long has held our Scepter fast,
Tho' often shaken by the Wind of War,
And rushing Tempests of confed'rate Kings.

M A U R O.

For this the West and Southern Standards join,
For this the proud imperial Eagle stoops
Patient of Friendship by the Lillies Side,
The Northern Lion wont at home to range,
Now loosen'd and enlarg'd by RICHARD'S Arm
In *Jewry* roars, and shakes the Eastern Skies,
Him most, him first of these confed'rate Kings
Our Armies dread, and tremble to behold.
While strong of Arm he shakes the well-pois'd
Spear,
Fear flies and warns the Nations to retire,
Death wings the Shaft from his unerring Bow.
But, when provok'd to near Approach, he wields
The two-edg'd Battle-Axe with forceful Sway;
Heaps fall on Heaps, Destruction sits and smiles
O'er the mix'd Carnage, till his fatal Hand
From Hill to Hill th' unfated Vulture drives.

SALADINE.

King RICHARD I.

7

SALADINE.

Mean Time, what Number of our Slaves remain?

'Tis fit we show the Price of Christian Blood,
By pouring it, like Water, on the Earth.

ACHMET.

We count six hundred Slaves of either Sex.

SALADINE.

Count them no more, but as a Number perish'd---

They shall be try'd---They boast of wond'rous Faith,

That mocks Destruction, and embraces Death
Like a fond Mistress, or far-sought Friend.

Achmet, the Charge be yours to see their Deaths,
And tell how many of these glorious Saints
Rejoice in Misery, and smile in Flames.

ACHMET.

Torture shall prove ingenious in their Woes,
Some groan on Earth beneath the pointed Wood
With upward Cry to Heaven, who will not hear
The bloody Sword shall parcel piecemeal Death,
Limb follow Limb, and last of all the Eye,
When it has wept its Fellow-Organs, drop
The last sad Tear suck'd up by burning Brands.

MAURO.

How bloody are these Converts in their Rage!
Had rather trust a hungry *Lioness*,
With all my Children, than a *new-made Convert*.

ACHMET.

ACHMET.

Curse on that RICHARD.

SALADINE.

Curse him not,
 He is a King; and in that awful Name,
 Wherever nam'd, attendant Strength and Power
 Call for the ready Debt of fairest Speech,
 Of favourite Wishes, and the Tongue of Blessing.
 Let Guilt that fears the Shadow of a Spy,
 Curse *Kings* at Midnight when the Moon is sick;
 Let damn'd Rebellion, hid in cavern'd Rocks,
 Gnawing her fretful Form to Blisters, send
 To roaring Seas her idle Imprecations.
 Tho' he were more my Foe than RICHARD is,
 I would not curse the Man I must admire.



SCENE



SCENE III.

Enter ARMIDA, the Warlike Maid; with ERMINIA, Sister
to ACHMET, and Mistress to SALADINE.

ERMINIA.

Forgive me if I plead the Sex's Cause,
As willing to recover what we lost,
And by one Question all my Scruples ease;
How does thy Eye regard the Tyrant Man,
Has no one Form more exquisitely fram'd,
Call'd thee to gaze with Wonder or Delight?

ARMIDA.

Just as on other Objects of my Sense,
The tallest Oak or Cedar of the Grove,
The well-turn'd Statue, or the breathing Paint.
But yet if any of the Sex I prize,
'Tis he who scatters Death the widest round,
And makes most Havock of his worthless Race.

ERMINIA.

These cruel Words convince a wounded Heart,
That Love has enter'd at the Gate of Scorn.

[Aside:

ARMIDA.

Yet I would know---How was it with thy Heart,
When first it leant and listen'd to thy Lord?

C

ERMINIA.

10 *The TRAGEDY of*

ERMINIA.

O *Saladine* ! the Day---Remembrance keep the
Day,
In the full Height of painful Extacy!
That Day, when long sollicit'd to hear,
The thousand times unfinish'd Tale of Love.

ARMIDA.

Why this Suspence! this Prologue to thy Fault?

ERMINIA.

Since 'tis ungrateful---

ARMIDA.

No!--Heaven that it were! *[Aside]*

ERMINIA.

Then, some God had dress'd him out for wonder then,
My King approach'd, but with such soft'ned Looks,
A Mind so full, so fearful of Offence,
That Cruelty now chid it self, and Pride,
Which keeps the outward Fences of the Heart
Like an o'er-watch'd Centinel, retiring, slept.
He touch'd my Hand, and Fire was in the Touch;
He look'd, and spoke, and Joy was in his Speech;
My Blushes rose and fell like doubtful Winds,
That toss the Bosom of a wanton Sea.
He saw Confusion, and pursu'd his Charge,
Till Fears, like routed Armies in their Flight,
Soon beat, resign'd to his victorious Love.

ARMIDA.

King RICHARD I. II

ARMIDA.

The Conquest made, how felt the new-found
Yoke?

ERMINIA.

Easy as filken Chains on captive Birds,
Who love to feed from the beloved Hand,
And, hov'ring round the fair Bestower, sing
Their new Captivity in sweeter Tunes.

ARMIDA.

Alas! it may be! yes! it must be so!
Happy *Arminia*!--

ERMINIA.

Not *Armida* too!

ARMIDA.

'Tis not in Fate to call the Minutes back.
That might have made me---What I must not be.
Severe Necessity! Mysterious Love!
At once a Prodigal and Bankrupt too.

ERMINIA.

How, how, *Armida*, I conjure thee tell---
For, ah! I see thy Blood return and go,
Like a sad Messenger, to ev'ry Part,
Threat'ning to speak, but starting at the Tale
Of its own Woe---Tell---by our Friendship tell---

ARMIDA.

Think not this Garb of War is Nature's Choice,
Fate and Revenge have forc'd it on my Arms,

For, O! four Suns have run their annual Course
 Since passing thro' the Woods of *Palestine*,
 Attended slightly by a Maiden Guard,
 A Troop of Robbers---They were Christians too,
 I can no more---

ERMINIA.

They could not force thee sure!

ARMIDA.

Their Captain---

ERMINIA.

Where slept the Thunder then,
 Who hid the Light'ning in its secret Cave?
 How were the Hands of Providence employ'd,
 Painting new *Goats* and *Rams* arm'd in the Sky,
 To shed the guilty Influence here below,
 And justify the Monsters of the Earth?

ARMIDA.

Since then---I swore an Enmity to Man---

ERMINIA.

And here I swear it too, till Vengeance comes,
 O Traytor!--Hide him not concealing Earth,
 Ye Rocks and Caverns shut your stony Mouths
 When he would enter, let no guilty Shade
 Afford him Place of Rest, but Darkness fly
 As frightened when he comes---Heavens! is it right
 That other Beings shall, by Instinct, trace
 The secret Robber, and revenge the Guilt;
 While favourite Man,
 With Wit and puzzling Reason for his Guide,

Sits

King RICHARD I. 13

Sits down and weeps his Injuries unredress'd---
Not half so privileg'd as the Dogs he feeds.

ARMIDA.

Yet more remains, the Vow I made is broke,
Man triumphs still, the Theft of Violence
Is follow'd by the willing Gift of Love.

ERMINIA.

Achmet, or Mauro, say---

ARMIDA.

Both Objects of my Hate---
A stranger Prince has stole my Heart away,
Daily in Arms I seek the Life I love---
Have I not said too much?

ERMINIA.

Thy Queen secures---
The secret her's---Hast thou entrusted me
With Images of Darknes and Despair,
The tempting Themes of our loquacious Sex---
And wilt thou hide the friendly Beam of Light,
That helps me to conduct thee to thy Safety.

ARMIDA.

The *Scottish* Prince---You saw him in her
Court,
And who beheld him---But yet wish'd them there?

ERMINIA.

He seem'd indeed the Wonder of his Sex:

ARMIDA.

ARMIDA.

O He is all Perfection ! every Limb
 Calls upon Nature to avow her Work ;
 Had Fortune cloath'd him in her dirty Weeds,
 And dress'd him in the Habit of Disgrace,
 His Air, his Action would have spoke the Prince,
 But as he was---Methinks I see him now,
 In mock of us to lead the sprightly Ball,
 While Motion chides the ling'ring Instrument,
 While Harmony pursues him as he bounds,
 Steps, as he steps, and measures out the Dance.

ERMINIA.

Tho' I hold *David* as our mortal Foe,
 Foe to our Country's Altars, and our Faith,

* * * * *



A C T



A C T II.

Enter King RICHARD, King PHILIP of France, and DAVID, Prince of Scotland.

RICHARD.

Brother of *France*, Dissensions have too long
Wasted the Strength of our confed'rate Arms,
The doubtful Soldier knows not who shall lead,
And when the Trumpet calls, with jealous Ear,
Suspended stands, and mutes at the Sound,
Which us'd to waken Honour in his Soul,
And flush his Eyes with Earnest of Success.
The Foe observes us, and beholds with Joy,
How on our selves we take unjust Revenge.
O! be it never said, *two* mighty Kings,
Zealous of Virtue, Fame, Religion, Faith,
Drain'd half their Nations, bought their People's
Lives,
To sell them cheaply in a foreign Land,
And bid them fall and perish for their Sport.
Esteem we higher of our Fellow-Beings,
Not one of whom but claims our common Sire.
Think well for whom we fight---and well agree---
---Can we bid the Dew
Hang high in Air, nor touch the Subject's Head,
But only fall on Kings?--If gen'ral Blessings then
Are theirs as free as ours, then Rights are theirs
To make those Blessings certain to them all.

PHILIP.

PHILIP.

This Tale of Duty might become a Priest,
But passes by me like the idle Wind,
Since injur'd Honour and repeated Wrongs
Have deaf'ned *Philip's* Ear--

RICHARD.

What Wrongs? Speak, Prince,
Point out the Man, and tho' he stand behind
The Shields of Legions, and a Wall of Brass,
This Arm shall reach him, drag him to thy Feet,
Trembling to look on Majesty incens'd.

PHILIP.

That Man is *Richard*, *England's* mighty King,
He who leads Armies in the Cause of Heaven,
Who on his Banners waves the bloody Cross,
Dreadful as Light'ning to the faithless Eye,
Yet can sustain to wrong a King, a Friend!

RICHARD.

Now by *St. George*, the Patron of my Arms,
Had such a Speech escap'd another Tongue,
The forward Censurer had spoke no more.

PHILIP.

But *France*, unaw'd, avows it with a Frown.

RICHARD.

Hah! dost thou threaten *limitary* Prince?
Frown on thy *Vassals*, thy *Provincial* Lords,
Let *Burgundy* be mute when *Philip* frowns,
Or terrify thy Neighbour of *Navarre*,

But

But *England's King*, Imperial, singly Great,
Ne'er borrows Fear from *France*, but sends it
forth
To shake that Continent where he resides,
And, frowning, look all *Europe* into PEACE.

PHILIP.

What ate the Arms, the Courage which you
boast!
Where grew it first, but in its native *Gaul*?
'Tis but a *Graft* upon a *foreign Stock*,
A *Norman-Cyon* fix'd on *English* Ground.

RICHARD.

It loves the Climate then, and thrives apace;
Honour mistook her *Seat* awhile, till lodg'd
On *Gaul's* Extremities, the *Isle* oppos'd,
Lur'd her bright Eye to wing the watry Way,
And fix her constant Habitation there.
Behold young *David*, born in *Scotia's* Frost,
How does the blooming Hero lead to Fight?
How heaves his Bosom to the Trumpet's Sound,
Beating the March of Victory within?

DAVID.

Rather be *David's* Deeds unprais'd, his Name
Unheard, unknown, than see *two* Christian Kings,
Partners of War, in vain Debate contend:
The Wrongs unmention'd, yet the War at height;
O! how does Rage mislead the noblest Minds!

RICHARD.

Well urg'd, brave Youth---And may thy just
Rebuke,
Lead *France* unpassion'd to discharge his Mind.

D

PHILIP.

18 *The TRAGEDY of*

PHILIP.

My Sister, by thy Father's Choice, to thee
betroth'd,
You left deserted, and abus'd his Will.

RICHARD.

What Sire can bind Affections of the Soul,
Force free-choic'd Love to Arbitrary Will?
He scorns the Bondage, struggling, quits the Snare,
Nor Charms, nor Duty can recal his Flight.
Had I thy Sister wedded by that Tie,
What Issue thence but false dissembled Love,
Watchful of all Occasions to revolt;
Thence fierce Debates, strong Jealousies and Cares,
Children unlike, and propagated Curses.
Besides, that Claim was quitted e'er we lead
To Jewry's hallow'd Plains, thou knowst it,
France,
And not without Suspicion---

This is the Genius of thy Soil, O *France*!
In *War* a cunning and intriguing *Foe*,
In *Peace* a doubtful and uncertain Friend.

SCENE



SCENE, A PROSPECT OF *Jerusalem.*

Enter King RICHARD and the QUEEN.

RICHARD.

Hail! holy City, hail! sacred-built Walls!
 The Joy, the Pride, the Glory of the Earth,
 Selected Portion of the Sons of God!
 Thee promis'd Blessing, Type of other Worlds,
 Fram'd by immortal Hands, the dying Seer,
 And Patriarch oft in Visions rapt beheld,
 Gaz'd on thy unbuilt Roofs, and saw thy Gems;
 Thy polish'd Gems, tho' hid in *Ophir's* Mines,
 Yet bright and blazing to the Eye of Faith.
 And is it given to these unhallow'd Eyes
 To view thy Seats, the Wish, the Vow, the Prayer
 Of Men, of Heroes, and of sleeping Saints?
 Bend, O my Soul, in Veneration bend,
 Kifs, kifs, in Thought the Ground, embrace
 The holy Tow'rs where crowding *Angels* hung.

But, ah! they long are vanish'd from thy Choirs!
 Fall'n are thy Temples, and thy Glories lost!
 How fitt'st thou now, fair City, in the Dust,
 All pale and comfortless in Sorrow's Shade,
 Like a sad Widow, weeping for thy Sons?
 What Heart of Steel, what ruthless Son of War,
 Tho'

Tho' thy sworn Foe, tho' *Saladine* himself,
But would---
And warm thy Ashes with a silent Tear.
O *Jerusalem*!---

BERENGARIA.

Now I repent not of the toilsome Way,
The painful Land-march, and the Sea-sick Couch,
Since I have seen the Longing of my Eyes,
Thee *Zion* fairest of ten thousand Hills,
Thee blest and haunted by immortal Guests.
But, O my Lord, my gracious Sovereign, think
What captive Millions, Brothers of our Faith,
In Sorrow eat the Bread of Servitude,
Complaining tread the Honey-dropping Vale,
And pass the Sweets of *Hermon* unenjoy'd.

RICHARD.

Daughter of Mercy, perfect Draught of Heaven,
Fair *Berengaria* rest thy troubled Thought,
Thy *Richard* Arms to loose the fetter'd Hand,
To bid Dejection raise its humble Eye,
That por'd to Earth to find the Grave of Care,
And lift it up in Thankfulness on high.
Ye Sons of Sorrow, all your Tears are mine
I count them here---To give them to your Foes
In the full Measure of exactest Vengeance.

BERENGARIA.

Ah! how polluted are the Martyr's Graves,
The holy Reliques of departed Saints,
Mix'd with foul Ashes, and dishonour'd Dust;
How do their hov'ring Shades in dead of Night,
With Voices destin'd for celestial Choirs,
Sigh on their broken Urns, and Tombs profan'd?

RICHARD.

RICHARD.

Think not that Care disturbs the silent Dead,
Or that the loosen'd Ghost with nightly Watch
Is pain'd for Atoms of disorder'd Clay.
The Priests, good holy Market-Men, may tell
Of bleeding Statues, and lamenting Shrines,
Sell the forg'd Drops--And long as Priests can lye,
Folly and Female Ignorance will believe.

BERENGARIA.

Forgive the pious Error of my Thought.

RICHARD.

Indeed, my Queen, a nobler Purpose brings
Thy *Richard* here---The Cause of Heav'n is mine,
I stand its Substitute to spread true Faith,
To scourge the black Imposture back to Hell,
And re-instate Religion on her Throne.



The



The following SCENE is, supposed, between
ARMIDA and Prince DAVID of *Scotland*.

PRINCE.

What Seraph wand'ring from his heavenly
Bower,
Has chose this shining Vehicle of Flesh
To soften heavenly Beauty to the Sight,
And blunt the Rays that Nature could not bear?
Or art thou rather some familiar Saint,
Veiling thy Glories in this mortal Shrine?
O speak!---That I may wonder---And adore!

LADY.

Nor Saint, nor Seraph I, but human born;
Who ask no Worship, but refuse the Gift
Of Idol Praises, and misguided Zeal,
Tho' a Priest's Tongue should gloss the pleasing
Lye.

PRINCE.

[*Aside*]

Hah! 'tis a Woman!---But excelling all
That Truth and Fable heap upon the Sex.
Give me a Tyrant's Power, and Giant's Force;
With all the Passion of all Lust deceas'd;
And some bold Dæmon mix their Spirits high,
That I may rush and seize the tempting Ray.

LADY.

L A D Y.

You tremble, Sir!

P R I N C E.

The Thunder of the War has broke the Sky,
While Clamour, roaring with a thousand Tongues,
Ruffles the gentle Wing of Contemplation,
And hunts her from the sweet Abode of Peace.

L A D Y.

Say, sad Inhabitant, of this forlorn---
Who? And thy Office? For no common Air,
Thy Aspect show---

P R I N C E.

Why? Nature's Friend,
Who mark the sweet Progression of her Work,
Rise with the Day-spring up, and rising draw
The dewy Fragrance of the Morning's Breath,
Who read the living Fires that roul on high,
And note the starry Jelly as it falls.

L A D Y.

And has this Solitude such wond'rous Charms?

P R I N C E.

As many more as Thought can multiply,
When at the streaking down the Mind goes forth,
Sees nothing round her but this beauteous Scene,
One solid Region of extended Truth.

Nought

Nought offers to the View that can molest
 The growing Freedom of the mounting Soul;
 Nor Thought of Sire, or Child; or dearer Wife,
 Dutiful Shadows of Domestic Sweetness,
 For ruthless Sorrow cannot enter here,
 So sacred and so hallow'd is the Place.

L A D Y.

What are *Alliances of human Life*,
 But as they run in *Virtue's clearest Stream*?
 A *Stranger* is my *Father* if he's brave,
 My *Father* is a *Stranger* if he's ill.



King



King RICHARD, attended by one of his
Lords, after he was wounded.

KING.

I thank thee Heaven, this Wound indeed is
precious,
And well becomes a Soldier in thy Cause.
The blushing Token will remind my Eyes
Whose Badge I wear, and ev'ry Drop I bleed,
Bleeds Death to Hundreds---You my Friends,
If I forget this Courtesy of War,
Speak loudly that you saw your bleeding King
Trailing a wounded Body to his Tent,
Nodding and reeling---Say you saw him fall
On the low Earth, and gnaw the Ground in
Shame---

LORD.

Your Highness needs no Monitor for Fame---
But now it more imports a Subject's Love
To speak your Danger, and prevent our Fate;
For we all die in RICHARD, and our Fame,
That should live after, dies before us too.
The poison'd Arrow may be dipt in Death---
And then---

RICHARD.

What then?---
Think'ft thou I fear to die, acommon Fate,
E A gene-

26 *The* TRAGEDY of, &c.

A general Doom? That's Argument to me
To dread it not, and justify my God.
For were there some exempt, and some to die,
All of the Species of this human Race,
'Twere worse for Mortals than it can be now.
Could we, as from a Hill, behold a Chain
Of Fellow-Beings, pressing to a Gulf,
Pushing each other in the Road of Death ;
Now singly fall, then tumble Heaps on Heaps,
These come to live and be, those pass and be no
more.

Were such a Prospect ours!
How would compassionating Nature wake
In Vows, in Prayers, in agonizing Cries,
" That my Father, that my dearest Child,
" My Friend---My Wife---O wretched Immor-
tality!





Of the Usefulness
O F
S N A I L S
In Medicine.



46 The Treasury of Science

A general Digest of the Laws of England
in relation to the Rights of the Crown
and the Privileges of the Nobility
and the Commons of the Kingdom
All of the Statutes of the several Parliaments
from the first of Henry the Second
to the first of George the Third

By William Blackstone Esq. of the Inner Temple
Esquire at Law

Of the Usefulness

SNAILS

In Medicine.

By Thomas Blizard Esq. of the Inner Temple
Esquire at Law



O F
S N A I L S.



HERE have been great Disputes about this Creature's Usefulness in Medicine; *Old* Physicians favour them, the *New* speak doubtfully, and some with Contempt, ranking the Remedy among the *Female-Recipes* at the highest.

FROM their natural Clamminess, or Viscosity, (their whole Substance being nothing but a Compages of natural Jelly) they bid fair to balsamise the Blood, at least to sheath great Part of its Acidities, and to make its Returns on the finer Glands and Tubes less pungent, and by Consequence, in Time, heal, at least, beginning Ulcers.

I HAD

I HAD Occasion to experience what this *Viscous* does to the Animal it self; for having a Garden over-run with them, I sometimes only crushed them with my Foot against the Wall, breaking the Shell so much, that a Quantity of Matter issued from the Wounds. These I left (usually in *Rosemary-Bushes*, where I stamped them) not expecting the Effect their own Balm would have on them: In a Fortnight after I had supposed them dead, I found them whole, except in the Parts of the Shell, whose Weakness could not be discerned by the Eye, but was plain to the Touch.

THIS Experiment was often repeated with the Pressure of a strong Shoe, and yet almost all recovered, and carried their Houses, seemingly, unmaimed.

IT was amazing enough, to observe the viscid Fluid squeezed from the Body, retiring by degrees inward, and supplying the Place of an artificial Cement to the broken Shell, while as it increased to its usual Dimension, it pushed forward the fractured and depressed Parts to a Union, with the rest of the House or Building.

THE Experiment extends to all Ages and Sizes of Snails, for in the small Crevices of the Wall I often crushed the young ones Sides together with my Finger, and with all my Watchfulness could not find that they gathered any Restorative

tive from the neighbouring Trees, till they were able to march out for fresh Plunder.

THESE Remarks may, perhaps, give some Hints about their *Use in Physick*: The most natural seems to me, that *we over cleanse them*, by which they lose great part of that salutary Slime that helps to bind the broken *Continuum* of minute Bodies.

THEIR Age and Rankness of Feed, no doubt, makes a material Difference in their Effects; I cannot positively say what: My Remarks reaching only the *Apricot, Nectarine, Peach, and Rosemary*; all of the Odoriferous Kind.

S O L I L O Q U Y.

I.

Why DAMON with the forward Day
Dost thou thy little Spot survey?
From Tree to Tree, with doubtful Cheer,
Observe the Progress of the Year;
What Winds arise, what Rains descend,
When thou before that Year shalt end?

II. What

II.

What do thy Noon-day Walks avail,
To clear the Leaf, and pick the SNAIL?

Then wantonly to *Death* decree
An *Insect* usefuller than thee.

Thou, and the *Worm*, art *Brother-kind*,
As low, as earthy, and as blind.

III.

Vain Wretch, canst thou expect to see
The downy *Peach* make Court to thee?

Or that thy Sense shall ever meet

The *Bean-Flower's* deep-embosom'd Sweet?

Exhaling with an Evening's Blast,
Thy Evenings then will all be past.

IV.

Thy narrow Pride, thy fancied Green,
(For Vanity's in little seen)

All must be left when *Death* appears,

In spight of Wishes, Groans and Tears;

Nor one of all thy *Plants* that grow,

But *Rosemary*, will with thee go.



O N

D E A T H.



BEING in a serious Turn of Temper, I am going to consider *Death*, as the Object of a brave, or virtuous Man's Thought; and with what View, good Sense, and Reason, look upon the *Enemy of Human Nature*.

PASSIONS, *Appetites*, and the subordinate Train of the *Faculties* of the *Mind*, have, from the wise Determination of the Supreme Being, a great Influence on our Conduct; they are the great Reconcilers of the *Soul* and *Body*, and keep up that Harmony which is necessary to make Man like his own Existence. To say, we can fling off these Clogs at Pleasure, and separate the Union between the material and immaterial Companions, is talking more after the Vanity of Philosophy and Science, *falsly so called*, than a true and rational Account of our Powers, which,

F

what-

whatever we may boast, are in this great Point over-ruled by the inferior Agents, our Senses.

THUS the Sense of greater *Pain* makes the Patient struggle with the nauseous Draught, and drink down *bitter Health*, rather than leave room for *Death* to advance. The Prospect of pleasurable Objects deludes the best Man on this side of the Grave, and bids him view and review before he takes his Leave of them, and plumes himself for a new Existence. Nature is ever true and faithful to herself, in Pain ever aiming at Relief, in Joy still desiring a Continuance, and in Danger employing all her Hopes and Wishes for a State of Safety. An absolute Conquest over all these Motives to Life is impossible; to make them set loose and easy is the Business of Reason, and the greatest Triumph of Wisdom.

THE first and grand Topic urged by the grave Men to suffer *Death* easily, is, the Generality of the *Doom*. Were it peculiar to a *few* to escape, and many to *die*, there would be something more terrible in this *King of Terrors*, he would have more Arms, as we may say, by having less, than he has in the present State of his Empire! What Cares, what Hopes, what Fears, troublesome even to Life it self, should we employ to be the Number of the *happy Exempted*, to stand, as it were, in an intermediate Space between two *Existences*, beholding *these* enter the Stage, and *be*, and *those* go off and *be no more*? Were we

we Spectators, or some of us so, of a Chain of Creatures immensely long, of different Sizes and Degrees, pushing on each other in a progressive Motion into a Gulph, and dropping sometimes one by one, and sometimes by Heaps into that Gulph---Could we, I say, see these of our own Species acting and suffering this, and where we had Relations too? What Floods of Tears should we pour forth for our Friends? What Cries for our Father, Brother, Wife?---Or, what is as bad, what partial self-conceited Joys should we abound with for our own Security and Deliverance? In such a Case, what profane Thoughts might arise? The least that I can fancy is, that our Pride would conquer our Reason, and we should believe it done by our Power, and judge our selves *Gods*.





O N

THOUGHTS.



THE late Dr. Sharpe, Archbishop of York, in a most excellent Sermon on Prov. iv. ver. 23. *Keep thy Heart with all Diligence, for out of it are the Issues of Life*; has laid down admirable Rules for the Government of our *Thoughts*. And such as nothing but a deep Insight into our Nature and Passions, long Experience, and nice and constant Observation could furnish him withal. A brief Sum of what he has there said is this. *First*, he shews what Power a Man has over his own Thoughts. And, *Secondly*, wherein the Art of governing them consists. After having premised a little about the Difference of Mens Complexions, and the natural and acquired Power that one has more than another, nay, and even then him-
self

self at different Times to regulate his Thoughts, he proceeds to lay down five general Propositions.

I. That the first Motions of our Minds, tho' ever so irregular, are not in our Power. The Cause of which is, that they are produced so quick, that there is not Time enough given for Reason to interpose and stop them. His Instances of a passionate, opiniative, and amorous Man, are finely managed. Here I would presume to add an Observation of my own, *First*, The more irregular and incoherent these Motions are, the less are they to be subjected to rule, for in a close Connection and Dependance of one Thought upon another, it is possible for a Man to foresee, that he will naturally, if he indulge the Bent of his present Inclinations, run into such or such a Scene of Fancy. Thus you may begin very Innocently, and after your Thoughts have ranged a while, conclude very Guilty. This happens often in Discourse, but that may be imputed to the Turn of a vicious Fancy; but the Case is the same, or very near it, in our conversing with our selves. Proceed we to the second Proposition.

II. WHEN a Man's Mind is vigorously affected and possessed, either with the outward Objects of Sense, or with inward Passions of any Kind; in that Case he has little or no Command of his Thoughts. His Mind will be so wholly taken up, with that it is then full of, that he will not be able, till those Impressions

sions are worn of, to think freely of what he pleases. Instance in Pain, Grief, Resentment for an Affront given, &c. Lastly, in a Person's coming hot from Business, hearing good or bad News, to Prayers, in such a Case as this by the very Make and Nature, we cannot turn our selves from one Business to another without due Consideration.

III. When a Man's Thoughts are forced upon him, as it were, from the present Temper, and Indisposition of his Body. So that, tho' he have no Objects to entertain him, nay, tho' he have made ever so many Resolutions to avoid them, yet they will still recur to him. This is the Case of a feverish and disturbed Person, and of deeply Hypochondriacks, many of which will be haunted with a Set of Fancies, that they can by no Means get rid of, tho' they design it ever so earnestly. Sometimes they think they are Infidels and Atheists, sometimes blasphemous Thoughts spoil their Intention. Sometimes again they fancy themselves guilty of many Crimes, because they imagine that they give Consent to them. And then so very perverse they are, that they will apply every Passage in the Bible, or a Sermon, to their own Case, and so increase their Trouble, and confirm themselves in their extravagant Notions. These the good Bishop reckons by no Means the free, natural, and voluntary Operations of their own Minds, but the Effects of Vapours and Melancholy; and gives them no better a Name than waking Dreams, as our Dreams are our sleeping Fancies. This is a
bodily

bodily Distemper, and must have a bodily Cure. The best Way is to despise and neglect, rather than struggle and parley with these Fancies. Here I would again add something, which is, that some vicious Fancies, that have a long while habituated themselves to some Thoughts, will find a Similitude in every Object to their Purpose, they can see nothing, like Jaundice Eyes, but what they tincture and discolour by their impious Imagination. This is a deplorable Case, and the best Remedy is not to shut our Eyes, but purge our Hearts. He next starts an Objection from his Instance of Hypochondriack Persons against the Freedom of Thinking, for if these Persons are thus necessarily passive, where is the Liberty of Thought? He owns, I think, that these Cases are Exceptions, but all Persons without them may, among the multitude of Objects, chuse any one, and intend so as to leave no room for others to intrude. So that it consists in our Liberty of chusing any Subject of our Thoughts.

V. THOUGH we have a Power over our Thoughts in directing them to a particular Object, yet we have another Power over them, in which is laid the very Foundation of Vertue and Vice, and upon Account of it, all our Thoughts become either morally good, or evil. And this is our Compliance with, or Dissent from any of these Motions, for though we cannot help their coming into our Heads, we may chuse whether we approve them or not. If we do, our Plea of
origi-

original Corruption is not valid, otherwise it may be a sufficient Excuse.

AFTER this Account, how far they may be Governed, follow five Directions for the governing of them.

I. To chuse that for the main Business of our Life, which is really such. And that no doubt is Religion, which, did we but pursue with the same Steadiness that others do their secular Interests, we should find as many Charms in it, as they, for all their Boasts, do in their Pursuits, should think of it as often, and with more Pleasure than those Wordlings do their Delights and Sensualities.

II. To avoid Idleness and loose Company, both which strangely unhinge the Mind, and disarm it of that Severity which is its best Guard against such Temptations. Idleness is the Mother of most of these fond Fancies and extravagant Thoughts. But as for loose and impertinent Company, though it may look, perhaps, with a better Grace than the other, yet the Effects of it are the same. For can it be supposed, that People who spend their Time in Merriment, Play, hearing and telling News, visiting, and being visited, &c. should not think of these Things, nay, not to a Fault; should be very light and frothy, nay, Profane and Atheistical too, according to the View of the Company they light on.

III. To

III. To suppress the first Motions of these Thoughts, to stifle them in their Infancy, that they grow not up and do Mischief, check their Risings, and blush to think of the Consequences if they should ripen into Actions, and produce Sin. This will not only lay the present Tumult, but, by degrees, gain us so habitual a Command over our selves, as to be troubled with very few of these impertinent Companions, and these too such as we may easily shake off, and get rid of at our Will and Pleasure.

IV. For not only the avoiding of bad, but the getting a perpetual Supply of good Thoughts, which, like a running Spring, may cherish and heat all our Conversation; we must take Care to meditate much, read good Books, and keep the best Company, which will store us with such Thoughts of a better Nature, that we shall not be forced to take up with these Trifles and Amusements. Lastly, use fervent Prayer, and read Scripture often; these, whatever others our own Experience and Reflection finds most proper in these Cases, will be of vast Advantage to us.

V. To allow our selves Time and Relaxation from these Studies, wherein to let our Fancies take a more easy and delightful Range, give them a loose to innocent Diversion; but that so as to recal them, and command them home on all Occasions. For it is as vain as it would be unpracticable to suppose we can always be in a serious

or religious Humour, that we could, like *Pythagoras's* Scholars, hold our Tongue for five Years together, which, in my Opinion, would make us talk a great deal of Nonsense, whenever we designed to speak. This is neither required of us, nor could we, in the State we are in at present, perform it; beside, this Temper would do more Injury than Good, would affect our Heads so deeply, that we should be unfit for the common, nay, the undispensable Duties of Life. Our Bodies would quickly find the Inconvenience of this unnecessary Rigor, and we should be so over-run with Melancholy and Vapours, that all our fine Speculations would be but a mean Recompence for the Loss of our Health, and, perhaps, our Reason too.





W A L P O L E:
OR, THE
PATRIOT.

—*Est Animus TIBI*
Rerumque prudens, & SECUNDIS
Temporibus, DUBIISQUE rectus;
VINDE*X Avaræ FRAUDIS, & abstinens*
Ducentis ad se Cuncta Pecunia. HOR.



Patriot Soul by Nature is design'd
To rescue Nations, and to save Mankind;
His Principles on sure Foundations fixt,
With no Alloy of Private Int'rest mixt,

Even, and uniform to Virtue tend,
And all concenter in the Publick End.

While the vast Wheel of Government turns
round

In equal Circles, and in lawful Bound;
While the *Great Goddess* on the Top presides,
And all the lower Springs of Action guides;
When each Subordinate with proper Grace
Adjusts the Motion, and adorns his Place,
Contented then the *Patriot* Spirit Smiles,
And joins with Pleasure to reward their Toils;
If Envy then disturb the *Common-Weal*,
Boldly he rises with an Active Zeal,
Fixt against Rage, and Malice to contend,
And in her Friends his Country's Cause defend.

But if an *Outward Gloss*, and gaudy Show,
Conceal the Rancour of Intestine Woe;

If from bad Principles, and latent Seeds,
Inward Corruption on her Vitals feeds,
Cautious and gentle He the Wound explores,
Scorning with Art to skin the growing Sores ;
The Cause once found some Pain she must endure,
Tho' slow the Progress, certain is the Cure.
Barefac'd *Oppression* then shall stand in Sight,
And *Fraud* detected tremble at the Light :
Tho' long the Thread, tho' intricate the Clue,
Tho' Magic GOLD assist the stubborn Crew,
GOLD which unlawfully deriv'd from Court
Secures the Cheat, and is its own Support :
So Perjur'd Guardians, while the Heir is Young,
Amass a Treasure to protect the Wrong.

Nor does his Breast a private Heat conceal,
To leaven, or corrupt a Publick Zeal,
Malice and *Guilt* this Engine have employ'd,
Unsafe themselves till others are destroy'd.

But

But Crimes and Persons closely are ally'd,
Which Publick Justice only can divide,
To this the *Patriot* Spirit Bravely calls,
Unmov'd where-e're the Fatal Sentence falls.

No Party Heats his Just Designs Controul,
Or Over-rule the Purpose of his Soul,
Him Reason guides, and no wild Passion draws,
To give a random Vote against the Laws ;
Which After-Wisdom would correct in vain,
For Folly register'd 's a lasting Stain.
Poor, Senseless Party Engines! Who are taught
To act by Mechanism, not by Thought,
Who speak by rote, and sell their venal Words,
To please *Grandeers*, and smooth *Intriguing Lords*!
Or like a *Judge* unknowing what has past,
Gravely consent to him who spoke the last,
Or He who thro' a whole Debate had Snor'd,
And wak'd in time to give the Damning Word.

Not so the *Patriot*, who dares Boldly give
 In Spite of Crouds a Single *Negative* ;
Faction in vain her Thousand Heads shall rear,
 Their idle Clamours may offend his Ear,
 But not affect his Heart, or touch his Soul with
 Fear.

Thus once of Old Alone Great CATO stood
 Fixt for the State, and obstinately Good.

He never makes *Religion's* Honour bend
 To gain a Politic Unlawful End :
 Nor would He have her Guardian Patrons Steer
 With too remiss a Hand, or too Severe :
 Careful of ev'ry Right, for One deny'd
 Gives room for more, and makes the Passage
 wide
 To dreaming *Ignorance* and doating *Pride*.

Thus

Thus while by Him her Sacred Temples shine,
 The Church Primæval shall the World refine,
 Deeply shall fix her Root, shall rise her Head,
 Her Stem shall flourish, and her Branches spread.

His Judgment duly pois'd abhors Extreams,
 Averse to Tyrant and Republic Schemes;
 For these Extreams become each other's Prey,
 Republics rise as Tyrannies decay;
 From their ill Government they first advance,
 Depend on Fortune, and subsist by Chance,
 Till some great Genius tow'ring to Renown,
 Pulls the vain *Babel* on the Builders down,
 And on the ruin'd Heap confirms his rising
 Crown.

Thus *CÆNEUS*, as the Tale informs, began
 With Bearded Aspect, and the Strength of Man;
 Next smother Looks and finer Tone betray'd
 A Female Weakness, and the Man decay'd;

And

And last, revers'd by a capricious Fate,
He held the Man, and re-assum'd his *State*.

When gath'ring Clouds assume a threat'ning
Form,

He warns the State to shun the coming Storm;
If flighted, silently prepares to moan
His Country's Injuries, and not his own;
Forbid it Heav'n that Virtue should not find
This last sad Comfort of an Honest Mind!
But conscious *Guilt* suspects a Pious Tear,
And quick Removals justify its Fear.
Thus *CÆSAR* likes not *CASSIUS* in the Play,
But *ANTHONY* the Lewd, the Sot, the Gay;
Such Vices ne'er a Tyrant's Empire touch,
But *CASSIUS* *reads, observes, and thinks* too
much *.

* See *Shakespeare's JULIUS CÆSAR*.

Thus have I seen a Factious Crew grow strong,
With Debauchees and Atheists in the Throng,
Secure they stood while able Statesmen fell
For Speaking bravely, and for Acting well.

Behold the *Patriot* in Retirement great,
And watching carefully the Steps of Fate!
See giddy Zeal, and restless Fury burn!
See *Virtue* sighing for his quick Return!
Which he not urges, nor will long delay,
His Foes assist him, and prepare the Way;
Self-ruin'd They to mean Expedients fly,
And all the Arts of falling *Greatness* try;
Vain is the Stratagem, the Succour small,
That not prevents, but only breaks, the Fall;
Such is Physician's Aid amidst the Strife
Of struggling Nature and departing Life.

Not with more Joy Old Exil'd *Heroes* came
 To raise the *Roman* or *Athenian* Name,
 To fix the shatter'd State, and reunite the Frame.
 Than He recall'd by Royal Voice to bear
 The Weight of Nations, and the Public Care,
 And all the *Waste* of *War* and *Fraud* repair.
Rapine, a Monster of *Harpeyan* Race,
 Of *Brutal* Appetite, but *Human* Face;
 Her glutton Progeny o'er all had spread;
 And on the Vitals of the Public fed;
 Her Hunger still renewing as before,
 Still hov'ring round the Relicts of the Store;
 But now at his Approach She wings away,
 And leaves repining her *unfinish'd* Prey.

In *Him* behold unblemish'd FAITH succeed,
 And *Courage* daring for that *Faith* to bleed!
 Antient *Integrity* of Soul, untaught
 To act Himself, or hide another's Fault;

Friendship experienc'd much in *Evil Days*,
From Foes extorting an unwilling Praise;
To *Thrones* a *Duty* ever found sincere,
Above base *Flatt'ry*, or distrustful *Fear*.
Let others their dissembled Wisdom place
In a Proud Brow, or a distorted Face;
Truth needs no borrow'd Features, but is seen
Best in her Native and Unclouded Mien;
But Actions only Virtue can express,
And shew the *Patriot* in his proper Dress.
Jealous of all the Honours of the Throne,
He makes its Pow'r, as well as Mercy known,
And scorns to see the *British* Scepter bend
To the Proud Insults of a Foreign Friend;
For such Concessions must Betray at length,
Or want of Courage, or defect of Strength.
Britain tenacious of her Spotless Fame,
Reveng'd with Streams of Blood her injur'd
Name.

For this have Kings and Nations felt their
Doom,

And Pontiff's trembled at Imperial *Rome*.

And doubt we to assert our *Fathers* Deeds?

Or are we chang'd, and a new Soul succeeds?

But how unlike that Spirit which of old

Scorn'd that her *Kings* precarious Crowns should
hold;

Or meanly from their State descending hear

A Pow'r inferior regulate their Sphere?

Or do we partial blame, and is this Crime,

The Native Product of our *English* Clime?

From hence was first the Fatal Poison brought,

And Foreign States but speak as they were
taught?

O *Britain*! How unhappy were thy Sway,

If Subjects Rule, and *Monarchs* must Obey;

If groundless Bold Complaints presume to tell

A *Faction's* Will, and *only not* Rebel.

While

While WAR is Necessary, Just, and Fair,
He thinks that *War* becomes a Patriot's Care:
But who would always riot it in Blood,
Unpeopling Nations for *Another's* Good?
Who would protract *Campaigns* upon *Campaigns*
For real Losses, and uncertain Gains?
If *Heroes* at so Dear a Rate are made,
And *Laurels* flourish in so Dark a Shade,
In other Climes ye Mighty *Heroes* rise,
Flourish ye *Laurels* far in distant Skies.

Soon may the Sons of Peace their Voices raise
And as they taste the Gift, the Givers praise.
To such a Work what *Prudence* must be
brought?
What Depth of *Knowledge*, and what Reach of
Thought?

What

What Steadiness of *Spirit* to engage

With Foreign *Policy*, and *Party Rage*?

That *Rage* which vainly and profusely cast,

But helps the Blessing, which it strives to blast,

While the Great Work its own Completion
brings,

Moving by secret Weights, and hidden Springs.

Thus in the Womb of Earth Great NATURE
lies,

Mixing her Causes far from Human Eyes:

Tempests and Storms upon her Surface blow,

Whose *Fury* more promotes the Work below;

By silent Steps the Fair Effects appear,

Herb, Flow'r, and Tree, their various Beauties
rear,

And SPRING leads on the *New* revolving
Year.

In

In this short Copy of the *Patriot's* Mind,
A faint Resemblance of the True you find.
Imperfect Draughts give Pleasure to some Eyes,
Where what the Picture wants, the Thought
supplies.

All know the *Man* whom FACTION once
remov'd,

Admir'd in *Senate*, and in *Court* Belov'd;
Of whose Deserts *Envy* will be the Test,
That always aims her Arrows at the Best,
And let the TOWER Walls proclaim the rest.



F I N I S.



P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.



To his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, upon
his going into *Germany*.

Written in the Year 1712.

GO, mighty Prince, and those great Nati-
ons see,
Which thy victorious Arms before made
free;
View that fam'd *Column*, where thy Name engrav'd,
Shall tell their Children who their *Empire* sav'd.

B

Point

Point out that *Marble*, where thy *Worth* is shown
To every grateful Country, but thy own.
O Censure undeserv'd! Unequal Fate!
Which strove to lessen *Him* who made *Her* great;
Which, pamper'd with Success, and rich in Fame,
Extoll'd his Conquest, but condemn'd his Name:
But *Virtue* is a Crime, when plac'd on high,
Tho' all the Fault's in the Beholder's Eye.

Yet he untouch'd, as in the Heat of Wars,
Flies from no Danger, but *Domestick Fears*.
Leaves busy Tongues, and lying Fame behind,
And tries at least in other Climes to find
Our Rage by Mountains and by Seas confin'd:
Yet, smiling at the Dart which *Envy* shakes,
He only fears for *Her* whom he forsakes;
He grieves to find the Course of *Virtue* crost,
Blushing to see our Blood no better lost:
Disdains in factious Parties to contend,
And proves in Absence most *Britannia's* Friend.



So the great *Scipio* of old, to shun
 That glorious *Envy* which his Arms had won,
 Far from his dear, ungrateful *Rome* retir'd,
 Prepar'd, whene'er his Country's Cause requir'd,
 To shine in *Peace* or *War*, and be again admir'd.



THE
 B 2
 Each passing Traveller must halt,
 And pay the Tax, and eat the Salt.



The Favourite :

A

SIMILE.

Written in the Year, 1712.



WHEN Boys at Eton once a Year

In military Pomp appear,

He who just trembled at the Rod,

Treads it a *Heroe*, talks a *God*,

And in an Instant can create

A dozen *Officers* of State.

His little Legion all assail,

Arrest without Release or Bail :

Each passing Traveller must halt,

Must pay the *Tax*, and eat the *Salt*.

You

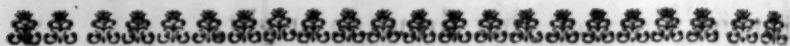
You don't love Salt, you say ——— and storm ———
 Look o'these Staves, Sir ——— and Conform;
 But yet this Sun, that shines so bright,
 In sable Gown will set at Night,
 And Morn return with College Appetite.

Thus the new Favourite in his Plumes,
 New Manners and new Airs assumes:
 He who before was at your Whistle,
 Begins to bully, frown, and bristle;
 And to his Band of hireling Tartars
 Gives Pensions, Places, Titles, Garters;
 His Schemes, his Projects, all must be,
 A Law to Bob, his Grace, and Me:
 His Friends stand close, and aid his Pow'r,
 What, don't you like him? ——— to the Tow'r.
 You swear 'tis strange ——— but let this Fume
 In busy Play itself consume:
 See him chagrin at last retire
 To a Welch Farm and Country Fire;

With

6 POEMS on Several Occasions.

With this to comfort fallen State,
The Time has been when he was Great.



ANACREONTIC.

Is it Summer? Wine produce,
Give me the kind recruiting Juice:
No Day must now a Draught escape,
No Day but helps to bring the Grape.
Soon as the tender Blossoms shoot,
Drink to the future promis'd Fruit;
And when to swell the Gems begin,
Drink to each increasing Skin;
Drink to ev'ry different Hue,
The red'ning Green, and glossy Blew;
And when the rip'ned Loads appear,
Drink to the full accomplish'd Year.

When Nature now has done her Part
Fill again — Success to Art —

See, see! the happy Work dispos'd,
 The fuming Vessels now are clos'd:
 Come, drink, that *Winter* may refine
 And purify the new made *Wine*,
 The Product now of former *Suns*,
 That in a due Perfection runs.
 The good *Old* Cask, of brighter Hue,
 Must show what Fate attends the *New*.
 Let the Elder Brothers Dye,
 That Younger may their Place supply:
 Away with moral Caint and Reason,
Wine is never out of Season.



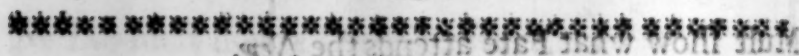
And their whole Judgment pardonably err'd
 Down Home the beating Steer with the Herd



Two EPIGRAMS

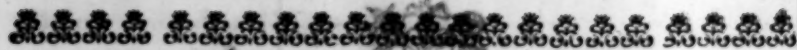
OF

ANACREON.



Upon TIMOCRITUS.

T *Imocritus* the Bold, the Great, the Brave,
 Kill'd in the Field, here triumphs in the Grave.
 The Valiant often Dye in martial Strife,
 The Cowards Live, their Punishment is Life.



Upon a Statue of MYRO, representing an
 Ox.

F EED, Cow-Herd, feed thy Oxen far away,
 Left they too nearly should to *Myro's* stray,
 And thou, whose Judgment pardonably err'd,
 Drive Home the breathing Statue with the Herd.

Translations



Translations from *Lucan*,

Occasion'd by the

Tragedy of C A T O.

The Character of C A T O. From *LUCAN*.
BOOK II.

Written in the Year 1713.

LUCAN, in this Description of *C A T O*, had
as strict a Regard to Truth as any Historian.
His private Life, the Simplicity of his Man-
ners and Habit, his Notions of Philosophy,
and his Manner of Behaviour, are excellently
painted.

— *Hi mores, hac duri immota Catonis*
Seça fuit. —



These *Cato's* Morals were, and this the Kind
Of His rough *Seç*, and His severer Mind,

A due proportion'd Medium to attend,

And think, while Living, to respect his End,

C

To

To follow Nature, and observe her Laws,
To pour His Life out in his Country's Cause;
From mean Ideas, to enlarge his Mind,
Nor think his Actions to Himself confin'd,
Nor *Cato* born for One, but *All Mankind*.
He eat for Hunger, not to please the Sense,
A happy *Epicure* in Abstinence;
His House, to keep out Cold, alone did seem;
Convenience was *Magnificence* to Him.
Upon his Back a Hairy Gown he bore,
Such as His *Sabine* great Forefathers wore :
Such as the Face of Antique Garbs express,
This was His *Pomp* and *Gaiety* of Dress:
He sought the Pleasure of a chaste Embrace,
For One great End, to propagate his Race:
Severely Honest, just without Allay,
Studious the Common Good alone to weigh.
At once Discreet, and fond in ev'ry View,
His *Country's Husband*, and Her *Father* too.

Him *Brutus* found with wakeful Care oppress'd,
The Publick Good revolving in his Breast :
Big with the Fate and Destiny of *Rome*,
Her Children's Fortune, and His Country's Doom.
Fearful what each might Act and each Endure,
But unconcern'd, and for *Himself* secure.

O ! wou'd the Gods above and those below
In Mercy hearken to their *Cato's* Vow,
And on This willingly devoted Head
All their collected Stores of Vengeance shed !
For *Rome* of old her *Decii* could fall,
In one Illustrious Ruin saving all :
That thus I might this single Life expose,
To stop her Plagues, and expiate her Woes !
O ! against Me may both their Hosts engage ;
Set up the happy Mark of Publick Rage :
Hither fly ev'ry Dart, launch ev'ry Spear,
And ev'ry vile *Barbarian* Arm strike *Here*.

I wou'd sustain each Individual's Share;
 Be pierc'd, be gor'd, by ev'ry Murd'rer there,
 And all their Wounds in *bleeding Transport* bear,
 Could but this Blood for her Preservance spilt;
 Redeem the Nation, and atone her Guilt;
 Could this one Sacrifice prevent her Doom,
 And quit the Score between her Gods and *Rome*.



*A Description of the Field of Battel, after
 CÆSAR was Conqueror at Pharsalia.*

From the VIIth Book of LUCAN.

Then dire *Pharsalia's* Plain all breathing Blood
 Call'd forth the Wolves and Tygers from the }
 And gorg'd the Lyons with her horrid Food, } (Wood,
 Each left his common Prey, his Fellow-Beast,
 To riot on a more luxurious Feast;
 The Bears forsook their Caves for this Repast,
 And Dogs obscene ran howling o'er the Wast;

All

All Animals that scent the Tainted Air,
Of Smell sagacious, came exulting there,
The Birds that wont at Battels to appear,
Move with the Camp, and hover in the Rear,
Came numberless: The Kinds that us'd of old
To change for milder Nile the Thracian Cold,
Forgot the Season in the Prey's Delight,
And wing'd their Western Way with later Flight,
Never such Flocks of Vultures heretofore
Obscur'd the Sky, and feather'd all Heav'n o'er,
Nor such uncommon Weight the loaded *Aether* bore,
Each desolated Wood sent forth her Kind,
The Wood now lab'ring only with the Wind;
All Places round the mighty Numbers fill'd,
And Roman Blood from ev'ry Tree distill'd.
Oft on the impious Standards which they bore
Trickled in frequent Drops the Putrid Gore;
Oft as the Vulture, weary'd out with Toil,
Her Talons weaken'd, and o'er-charg'd with Spoil,

Shook

Shook her wet Pinions in the Airy Space,
 The scatter'd Blood his *Triumph* to disgrace,
 Fell from on high, and stain'd the *Victor's* Face,
 Nor yet could all the Number of the Slain,
 This Sepulchre, this living Grave obtain,
 And, by the Beasts, converted into Food,
 Or harden into Bone, or flow in Blood;
 The Beasts themselves their inner Bowels spare,
 Nor think the vital Marrow worth their Care;
 Nicely the Limbs they Taste, reject, and chuse,
 And more than half the *Roman* Host refuse.
 Whatever Coarces in the Field they find,
 Touch'd by the Sun, or Tainted by the Wind,
 They careless pass, and leave disdainfully behind.



Upon



Upon Mr. ADDISON'S CATO.

LONG had the *Tragic Muse* forgot to Weep,
 By modern *Operas* quite lull'd a-sleep:
 No Matter what the Lines, the Voice was clear,
 Thus Sense was sacrific'd to please the Ear.
 At last, † *One Wit* stood up in our Defence,
 And dar'd (O Impudence!) to publish—— Sense.

Soon then as next the just *Tragedian* spoke,
 The *Ladies* sigh'd again, the *Beaus* awoke.
 Those Heads that us'd most indolent to move
 To *Sing-song*, *Ballad*, and *Sonata Love*,
 Began their bury'd Senses to explore,
 And found they now had Passions as before:
 The Power of *Nature* in their Bosoms felt,
 In Spite of Prejudice compell'd to melt.

When

† *The Spectator.*

When *Cato's* firm, all Hope of Succour past,
 Holding his stubborn Virtue to the last,
 I view, with Joy and conscious Transport fir'd,
 The Soul of *Rome* in one Great Man retir'd:
 In Him, as if She by Confinement gain'd,
 Her Pow'rs and Energy are higher strain'd,
 Than when in Crowds of *Senators* She reign'd!
Cato well scorn'd the Life that *Cæsar* gave,
 When Fear and Weakness only bid him save:
 But when a Virtue, like his own, revives
 The Hero's Constancy——with Joy he lives.

Observe the Justness of the Poet's Thoughts,
 Whose smallest Excellence is Want of Faults:
 Without affected Pomp and Noise he warms,
 Without the gaudy Dress of Beauty charms,
 Love, the old Subject of the Buskin'd Muse,
 Returns, but such as *Roman Virgins* use.
 A *Virtuous Love*, chastis'd by purest Thought,
 Not from the Fancy, but from Nature wrought.

Britons, with lessen'd Wonder, now behold
Your former Wits, and all your Bards of Old :
Johnson out-vy'd in his own Way confess,
And own that *Shakespeare's* self now pleases less,
While *Phæbus* binds the Laurel on his Brow,
Rise up, ye *Muses*, and ye *Poets* Bow :
Superiour Worth with Admiration greet,
And place him nearest to his *Phæbus* Seat.



D

UPON



UPON

His Majesty's
ACCESSION.

Inscrib'd to His Grace

John Duke of Marlborough.

Written in the Year, 1714.

*Quo nihil majus meliusve terris
Fata donavere, bonique Divi;
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.*

Hor.

WHAT? Are at length the doubtful Nations
freed?
Does Britain smile again, and GEORGE succeed?

And

And no new SPENSER touch the silent String :
No HALIFAX Inspire, nor CONGREVE Sing?
Not thus Ye promis'd, O! Ye Sons of Fame,
Pleas'd with the distant Glories of his Name,
With num'rous Monarchs in Successive Train,
And Sons of Heroes down from Reign to Reign,
Celestial Progeny! — And now ye view
In your own GEORGE that Scene of Wonders true.
Begin then, Muse, to these auspicious Days
Assert thy Right, and pay thy votive Lays.

Queen of the Ocean, fair *Britannia*, rise;
From leaden Bands of Sleep unseal thy Eyes.
Awake to Glory: Be as once before,
When *William* stretch'd thy Fame from Shore to Shore,
And taught thy Foes to fear no greater Name,
Till in accomplish'd Time a *Brunswick* came.
O! True Descendant of a Royal Line,
In whom at once the Saint and Hero join;

Born to retrieve a sinking Nation's Fate,
And raise her high in Virtue, as in State;
To urge her Conquests in a Righteous Cause,
And give Eternal Sanction to her Laws.

Blest be the Guardian Angel of the Isle!
That this fair Branch transplanted from the Soil
That nurtur'd it with Care in Foreign Climes,
Free from the sickly Taint of *British* Crimes,
To re-translate it to the Land at length,
In fuller Honours and maturer Strength.
So (for tho' different our Sense they strike,
The Works of Providence are still alike)
When swelling Ocean above Ocean rose,
To purge the Guilty World of all her Woes,
One chosen House, by Miracles immur'd,
The Great Rewarder of their Faith secur'd;
From whom a better Race of Men should spring,
The Holy Patriarch, and the Scepter'd King.

Just Heaven! we now forgive thy vengeful Hand,
For all the Plagues that scourg'd an impious Land;
For all she felt in long Inglorious Reigns,
Oppress'd with Rebels Arms, and Tyrants Chains;
Since from their Errors we are taught to know
What Duty Subjects, and what Princes owe:
And *Britain* can with equal Pleasure see
Her Monarch Glorious, and her People Free.

Dear Spot of Liberty! Fair Virtue's Seat!
On this Foundation Thou art truly Great;
Thus safe at Home, thy Pow'rs increase Abroad;
The Main is Freed, the Continent is Aw'd.

See! See already how thy swelling Fame
Spreads thro' the World in this Auspicious Name;
See how the Nations gather round, and own
The Rising Terrours of thy *George's* Throne.
Contending Monarchs their Debates suspend,
To court his Friendship, and his Smile attend;

So early in their Praises they appear,
As they would emulate his *Britains* Care;
States adverse to the Name such Honours bring,
As if they wish'd at least for such a *King*.

How chang'd the Scene! how diff'rent is the View
From what of late our doubtful Country knew!
When, sick and wanton with successful Pride,
Ungratefully her Blessings she deny'd:
Amidst her Glories at her self repin'd,
And the dear Purchase of her Blood declin'd;
Beheld the Waste of Providence with Pain,
And flung all back upon its Hands again.

Then all her Warriours Hearts at once grew cold,
Full in the Heat of Victories controul'd;
Then, at the Momentary Point of Fate,
When *Tyranny* was nodding to its Date,
A sudden Sickness seiz'd the trembling Land,
Envy prevail'd, and shorten'd *Marlbro's* Hand.

He went, the *Voluntary Exile* went,
And left th' Ungrateful Island to repent;
While Factious Statesmen, careless of her Grief,
Indulg'd their Feuds, and brought her no Relief;
Till He, like some bright Star, appear'd again,
The Glorious Harbinger of *George's* Reign.

Forgive, Great Sir, the Muse, that dares allay
With any backward Gloom this brighter Day:
Perhaps the Work, for *Marlbro's* Arm too Great,
Was kept for You by a peculiar Fate:
And sure Heav'n seem'd of Old design'd to grace
With some such signal Act thy Fav'rite Race;
Which early in its own Defence it chose,
To purge its Altars, and Reform its Foes.

They soonest pierc'd the *Church's* darksome Gloom,
And snatch'd *Religion* from the Chains of *Rome*;
Taught *Bright-ey'd Faith* to soar above the Skies,
And leave her Legends, Venerable Lies;

Then

Then *Superstition*, of a motley Hue,
 With all her Idol-Saints and Gods withdrew;
 While Hood-wink'd *Ignorance* her Reign resign'd,
Reason resum'd her Empire o'er the Mind.

Thus They: And still amid Thy Gen'rous Line
 New Heroes flourish, and new Patriots shine.
 Successive Scenes of Glory strike our Eyes,
 For Greater Actions Greater Spirits rise;
 'Till Providence, collecting all its Might,
 Bid *You* go forth, and Conquer in its Right;
 *Snatch Hosts of Martyrs from the Threat'ning Grave,
 And from the Flames a Thousand Temples save.
 The Barb'rous *Infidel* with Rage beheld
 The *Cross* Triumphant, and the *Crescent* Quell'd.

Then Just Presages Thy *Germania* drew
 Of future Wonders to be done by *You*;
 And

* *Siege of Vienna.*

And soon whate'er Her boldest Hopes conceiv'd,
Thy Counfels acted, or thy Arms atchiev'd.

Behold ! how *Gallia*, Formidable Name !

Revives Her ancient Arbitrary Claim :

That Tide, by *Nassau* check'd, with greater Force
Rolls back, and covers Nations in its Course :

Again his sinking Country calls his Sword ;

Again She calls, and is again Restor'd.

Enough, Great Prince, is given thy Native Land ;
Twice Sav'd and Rescu'd by thy Powerful Hand.

Now to the Voice of other Nations bend,

Wide as the World thy Saving Aid extend :

In *Britain's* Kings all Countries claim a Share,

For so before they blest'd Her *William's* Care :

And now His Kingdoms, and his Virtues too,

(The best Succession) are devolv'd on You.

O ! may the Land, all Storms of Envy past,

Be just unto that *Hero's* Shade at last,

Pay ev'ry Honour to His Ashes due,
 While we with Joy and Admiration view
 How much He lov'd Us by His Choice of You.

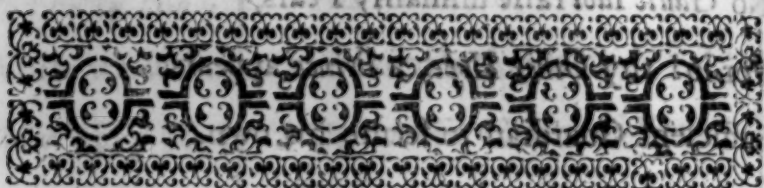
Thee, Great Reformer of a Vicious Age,
 Healer of Discord, and of Civil Rage,
 All Tongues with emulating Pride confess,
 Divided Nations own, and Factions Bless.
 Monarchs long seated on a Peaceful Throne,
 By Acts of Mercy and Indulgence known,
 Scarce such Affection from their People gain,
 As *Tou* possesse, now *Tou* Begin to Reign.
 Safe in our Prince's Piety we scorn
 To make our Duty wait the slow Return,
 Till Time and Gratitude shall bid it burn:
 Their Zeal can never rise too fast, who know
 They cannot Pay so much as they shall Owe.

No more, *Britannia*, shall thy Scepter stand
 Doubtful of each succeeding Master's Hand;

No *Gallic* Idol raise unmanly Fears,
 For lo! thy *Other Hope*, a *Prince* appears,
 Sufficient Guardjan to secure his own,
 And to Posterity confirm his Throne;
 While the Young Hero forms our Gen'rous Youth
 To *British* Valour, and to *German* Truth.



E 2 V E R



V E R S E S

To His GRACE

The Duke of *Marlborough*,

Upon the REBELLION in 1715.

ONCE more, Great Prince, in shining Arms
 appear,
 And draw that Sword which *Goths* us'd to
 fear.
 All other Nations have thy Succour known;
 The last great Talk is to Relieve thy Own.
 Afflicted *Europe*, when she sought thy Aid,
 The Price of Liberty in Glory paid;
 But Duty here no Foreign Motive needs,
 It is enough to Thee——that *Britain* bleeds;
 Ungrateful *Britain*! Prodigal in Ill,
 To thee Ungrateful——yet thy Country still.

Go, Mighty Chief, and draw thy Vet'rans forth,
Lead them to Conquest in the Frozen North:
O'er barb'rous Wilds and Mountains spread thy Name,
That ev'ry Clime may share in *Marlb'ro's* Fame.
Go, teach the Rebel * who his Sov'reign Braves,
That thy Hand Punishes, as well as Saves;
That *George* in Virtues Great, by Nature Good,
Would free the stubborn Slaves—without their Blood;
But since the giddy Rout for Slaughter calls,
By his own Choice the wilful *Traitor* falls.

Such Transient Storms have rose in ev'ry Age,
The rash Results of dying *Faction's* Rage.
A While these *Meteors* terrible appear,
And fill the Weak, and Ignorant with Fear;
The Wise, undaunted on their Course attend,
Knowing their Rise, they calculate their End.
Pretended Kings, and *Prophets*, are the Test
By which we judge of, and Obey the Best.

Then

* Earl of Marr.

Then, *Britain*, give vain Terrors to the Air,
It is the Traytor's only to despair,

When thy great *Hero* arm'd to Vengeance rose,
Who ever trembl'd—but his Country's Foes?
Already *Justice* walks, *Guilt* flies away,
Leaves her own Land in others to betray,
And only now the Refuse Rabble wait
A Nobler Death, unworthy of that Fate,
Honour'd by *Marlbro's* Victory—A Fall
That might become a *Roman*, or a *Gaul*.





AN
EPISTLE

TO

Joseph Addison, Esq;

Occasion'd by the Death of
the Right Honourable *Charles*, late
Earl of HALIFAX.

Written in the Year 1715.

AND shall great *Halifax* resign to Fate,
And not one Bard upon his Ashes wait?
Or is with him all Inspiration fled,
And lie the Muses with their Patron Dead?
Convince us, *Addison*, his Spirit reigns;
Breathing again in thy Immortal Strains;

To

To thee the list'ning World impartial bends,
 Since *Halifax* and Envy now are Friends.

Me deeply smit with Love of Nature's Laws,
 The Vital Union and Dissolving Cause,
 His Worth transports beyond this fleeting Frame,
 To tell how Dying Patriots live in Fame;
 Virtues like his the meanest Bard can raise;
 And 'tis Ambition but to strive to praise.

When Scenes of Action are obscure and low,
 Nature moves silent, and advances slow;
 Defers to distant Days, and Ages fit,
 The Pow'rs of Genius, and the Fires of Wit.
 She suits her Times of Wonder to her Men,
 And to a *Cæsar* gives a *Virgil's* Pen:
 When Toils are destin'd for the Brave or Wife,
 A *Nassau*, and a *Montague* arise.

Yet Virtue often, fullen and retir'd,
Shines to her self, nor cares to be admir'd;
Distrusting Fortune, or by Fears betray'd,
Round her own Merit casts an Envious Shade.
The Patriot Soul with warmer Notions fir'd,
Or by some secret Providence inspir'd,
Waits with Impatience for the Publick Voice,
And owes his useful Greatness to his Choice;
Ev'n when excluded from more noble Views,
Some lower Tract of Glory still pursues.
Thus *Philip's* Son, *Arbela* yet unfought,
With the Great *Stagyrite* in private thought:
Thus *Julius* once to Eloquence laid Claim,
And *Halifax* first chose the Poet's Fame.

O *Addison*! assert the *Poet-Race*,
And save the Kindred *Muses* from Disgrace.
Say, by the Pow'rs of heavenly Numbers taught,
How *Monarchs* govern'd, and how *Heroes* fought,

F

When

When yet *Morality* in Verse was sung,
And Lyres by none but hallow'd Fingers strung;
When Bards unpractis'd in the Arts of Praise,
Flatter'd no *Tyrants* in their servile Lays,
And scorn'd to gild in prostituted Rhimes
An *Ox—d's* Treasons, or a *Bourbon's* Crimes.
They chose their Themes like *Halifax* and *You*,
Selected Spirits, and the Virtuous *Few*,
Who founded Laws, or banish'd Faith restor'd,
Or for their Country drew the righteous Sword;
Fit Objects to employ the Voice Divine
Of *Cato's*, *Nassau's*, or of *Brunswick's* Line.

Fir'd with these Names the Muse ambitious tow'rs,
Fond of her Theme, forgetful of her Pow'rs;
But soon she falters, and to you resigns
The Rival Majesty of *Virgil's* Lines;
Content, if her inferior rude Essays
Hurt not his Ashes, whom they meant to praise.

Ye murm'ring Sons of *Phæbus*, call no more
 The Banks of *Helicon* a barren Shore;
 The Gods their Favourites thence to Honours bring,
 And kindly raise them on the Muses Wing.
 There *Montague*, with secret Rapture warm'd,
 At *Charles's* Urn the list'ning Shepherds charm'd;
 So much the God indulg'd the youthful Lays,
Spenser might own the Song, and *Sidney* praise;
 So well he shar'd the Character he writ,
 The gentlest Manners, and the strongest Wit.

Succeeding Days require no pious Strain;
 For ah! what Tongue can sing when *Tyrants* reign?
 Who wake the String, or tune the sprightly Reeds,
 To Notes of Pleasure, when his *Country* bleeds?
Apollo, then no more thy Sons inspire,
 Then blast the Hand that dares provoke the Lyre,
 Or stain their Actions with unhallow'd Rhimes,
 And *Bavius's* and *D—y's* damn their Times.

But see! the Clouds of *Romish* Night disperse,
 And *William* gives a brighter Theme for Verse.
 As a brave Champion half his Force conceals,
 'Till he some new uncommon Impulse feels,
 Then meets an Object worthy of the Fight,
 And puts forth all the Wonders of his Might;
 His Foes stand trembling, and his Friends admire,
 Where slept the hidden Strength, and secret Fire:
 Thus *Halifax's* Muse, 'till *William* came,
 Check'd half her Vigour, and restrain'd her Flame;
 Then soaring boldly with no middle Wing,
 O'er Earth and Seas persud the Godlike King;
 Fill'd with new Fury ev'ry glowing Line,
 And found a second *Zanthus* in the *Boyne*.

Ye Pow'rs! how just, how num'rous is that Song!
 How rich the Fancy, and the Vein how strong!
 The hurry'd Reader with the Poet flies,
 Yet looks on all he pass'd with longing Eyes;

At ev'ry Prospect equal Passions burn,
Pleas'd, he proceeds, yet wishes to return.

Here, *Britons*, see what diff'rent Spirit reigns
In free-born *Muses*, and in slavish *Strains*:
Observe how artful *Boileau* sweats and toils,
To plume his *Demi-God* with borrow'd Spoils;
From *Cesar*, or *Aeneas*, steals a Grace,
And forms from ancient Draughts a modern Face,

While *Montague* secure, without Controul,
Fix'd on the Greatness of his Hero's Soul,
Trusts to his Theme his Numbers to inspire,
With proper Raptures, and Poetic Fire.

But, *Sir*, methinks I hear you check the Song
That dwells upon his meanest Praise too long,
And bid me trace, with a superior Quill,
The *Patriot's* Wisdom, and the *Statesman's* Skill.

O! take the mighty Task, for *Tou* alone
 Can charm in Language equal to his own;
 Describe him form'd with ev'ry Grace to please,
 Excessive Spirit, Fluency, and Ease:
 Expert in wise Assemblies to preside,
 The doubtful *Senate's* Oracle and Guide;
 Whose Eloquence, without the formal Art
 Flow'd, to convince the Head, and warm the Heart.
 Say, when fierce Murmurs, and Contention rose,
 (For Virtue finds in ev'ry Reign its Foes)
 His Soul an equal Firmness still maintain'd,
 Compos'd their Tumults, and their Heats restrain'd.

Or paint Him watchful over future Fates,
 The Turns and Moments of contending States;
 Directing where *Britannia's* Sword should sway
 Her dreadful Edge, and where her Thunder play:
 Consulting still in each important Aim,
 His Country's Safety, and his Monarch's Fame.

These Publick Actions be thy juster Choice ;
Then, *Addison*, inspire some second Voice,
To trace his less ambitious Scenes of Life,
Retir'd from Noisy Crouds, and Civil Strife ;
Where the free Soul unbends her self, to please
In Social Virtues, and in Letter'd Ease ;
Where chearful Looks, and friendly Speech give Birth
To wise Enjoyments, and *Socratick* Mirth.

For ever, *Hampton*, Sacred be thy Tow'rs,
Spring fresh thy Greens, and flourish thick thy
Bow'rs ;
There, still defended by indulgent Skies,
The Warriour's Wreath, and Poet's Garland rise !
These Scenes with deep Regard, Ye Sages, grace ;
Ye Bards, with solemn Honours mark the Place ;
Raise it as high in Ages yet to come,
As *Chaucer's* Grove, or *Tully's Tusculum*.
Then, while Posterity their Acts display,
The Gen'rous *Briton* shall with Rapture say,

These

These Shades, absolv'd from War, Great *William*
 fought,
 And *Halifax* in those Recesses Thought.

When Sixteen barren Centuries were past;
 This Second Great *Macenas* came at last;
 In whom Example and Protection join'd;
 All Sciences improv'd, all Arts refin'd,
 And made our stubborn *English* Sense submit
 To the just Culture of *Athenian* Wit.

To Thee, Bless'd Genius! thy *Britannia* owes,
 That Learning in a purer Channel flows;
 That Vice no more the Price of Virtue reaps,
 Nor modest Want in silent Sorrow weeps;
 That Glory courts the Wise, the Good, the Strong;
 And only virtuous Merit lives in Song.

Rest then, Great Soul! secure of deathless Fame!
 Bless'd be thy Dust, and sacred be thy Name!

Be it invok'd in all our future Lays,
With lasting Honour, and Religious Praise,
'Till *Cato's* Works with *Liberty* expire,
Or *Newton's* die in falling Worlds of Fire.



G O N



ON THE

Death of the Young Prince.

Advertisement.



ONG POEMS, and such we are mostly visited with, seem design'd as the utmost Line of the Author's Sense, and the Bookseller's Profit.

THE following, is an Attempt to write only so much as is proper, without diversifying Thoughts and Images twenty Ways, and yet keeping one Design in the Reader's Eye.

IT was written, if I may be allow'd the Expression, in the Heat of Sorrow, and on an Occasion which speaks for it self; and at a Time when too many seem insensible of the Consequences, which, perhaps, are really more mournful than they may at present appear.

IT suffices me, because I desire to be exempted from the Number of the Ungrateful and Uncompassionate, to say, His Saltem Accumulem.

VERSES



VERSES

T O

Her Royal Highness

T H E

PRINCESS of WALES.

Occasion'd by the

Death of the Young PRINCE.

FAIR *Royal Mourner!* hear the Pious Muse
 Condole that Sorrow which none dare accuse.

Those Tears which from the Source of Nature flow,
 To publick Losses we more justly owe;

G 2

Now,

Now, not to Grieve, were *Treason*, and would prove,
Not want of *Pity*, but our *Country's Love*.

O *Fairest Light* ! O lost in early Morn !
Child of a Nations Wishes : *British-Born* !
How at Thy Birth (as when some new-form'd Star
Shines, the pure Arbiter of guilty War)
Britannia hop'd to see her *Factions* cease,
And drew Presages of her Future Peace !
On Thee the rugged Brow of *Party* smil'd,
And look'd, and lov'd the Reconciling *Child* :
Thy Cradle join'd all disagreeing Minds ;
So the rough Stones the softer Cement binds.

Fond *English-Mothers*, full of *English-Joy*,
Stood near, and gaz'd with Wonder on the Boy ;
Then thinking on their Own, at once confest,
Their Pride diminish'd, and their Country blest.
' Happy ! *they cry'd*, the Womb from whence He sprung !
' Happy the lovely Neck on which He hung !

‘New Joy and Rapture ev’ry Bosom Fire,
‘But most transport the *Mother* and the *Sire* :
‘The *Mother* and the *Sire* still Fruitful Live,
‘Long, very long, such Yearly Blessings Give!

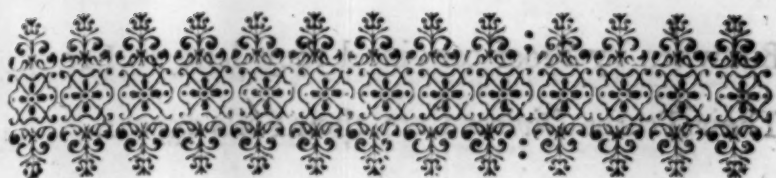
Here, old in War, the hardy Soldier came,
Saw his Eyes lighten with a Hero’s Flame.
Such He remember’d were the lucky Signs,
And such the Promise of his *Father’s* Loins,
When *Britain’s* Empire could not be Divin’d,
And *Audenard* was only then design’d.

But Oh! when to a Pitch our Wishes rise,
Pride casts a Mift before our guilty Eyes :
We think not what we merit, but in Haste
Grasp the new Joy, and use it all to Waste.
Thus for our Guilt the *Royal Infant* bleeds ;
The *Royal Mother* weeps for *British* Deeds.
Unworthy of the Flow’r, as soon as bloom’d,
Heav’n its own Gift in Anger has resum’d ;

Just.

Just shew'd him to the World, then snatch'd him hence;
 To teach us how to prize *Another Prince*.
 Were not our Crimes all black, of deepest Grain,
 The pious *Mother* had not su'd in vain.
 The *Fair* Attendants on her Woe declare,
 How the Saint wrestled with Her God in Pray'r!
 How humbly Mournful! how intensely True,
 On Wings of Fire Her Soul's Devotion flew!
 How watch'd the tedious Night in lengthen'd Sighs!
 And saw the Morning Sun in Tears arise.
 The Gates of Mercy still remain un-storm'd,
 The *Mother's* and the *Christian* Part perform'd.
 She must Resign!—and so She patient will,
 Yet keep the *Mother* and the *Christian* still.

The *Patriarch* thus, when Heav'n reclaim'd aloud
 The Son it gave, the destin'd Off'ring vow'd,
 And, faithful to his God, in sad Obedience Bow'd.



To the Author of a NOVEL, entitled,
The AMOURS of BOSVIL and
GALESIA.*

C O ndemn me not, *Galesia*, Fair unknown,
If I, to praise Thee, first my Error own ;
A partial View and Prejudice of Fame
Slighted thy Pages for the *Novel's* Name :
Methought I scorn'd of Nymphs and Knights to dream
And all the Trifles of a *Love-Tale* Scheme ;
Poor dry *Romances* of a tortur'd Brain,
Where we see none but the Composer's Pain.
Thus I, by former Rules of Judgment led,
But soon my Fault recanted as I read.

So by false *Seers* misdoubting Men betray'd,
Are often of the real Guide afraid ;
But

* Written by Mrs. Jane Barker.

None here is like thy false Dissembler found,
All Pity Thee but He who gave the Wound.

And yet the perjur'd Swain, *Galesia*, spare,
Nor urge on Vengeance with a hasty Pray'r ;
Tho' much He merits it, since all agree
Enough He's Punish'd in his losing Thee.





To Dr. R-----y, on his Marriage with
Mrs. M----y W-----s.

While Joys unnumber'd all thy Soul possess;
While Friends congratulate, and Parents
(bless;
Each striving with officious Joy to prove
How much you Merit, and how well you Love;
Fain would my Heart increase the friendly Strain,
And bring the Muses where the Graces reign.

Awake, ye Loves, to *Wormly* All repair;
For Beauty's solemn Festival is there.
There see a Better, purer *Venus* rise,
And light your Torches at her brighter Eyes.

Spread all your *Wings*, and hover there with *Pride*
O'er the best *Bridegroom*, and the loveliest *Bride*.

She

She kind and gentle, as the rising Light ;
He strong, and as the Mid-Day Splendor bright ;
She soft, as are the clasping Ivy's Leaves ;

He like the Oak, to which that Ivy cleaves,
Spread there your Wings, and hover there with Pride
O'er the best Bridegroom, and the loveliest Bride.

In him behold the Manly Virtues join'd,
The Sacred Arts and Sciences refin'd ;
The virtuous Breast with early Knowledge fraught,
The Gaieties of Wit, and Depth of Thought.

In her the Graces of the gentler Kind,
Whiteness of Soul, and Innocence of Mind ;
The lively Spirit, and the graceful Ease,
That ever pleasing, ever knows to please.

Spread, Loves, your Wings, and hover there with Pride
O'er the best Bridegroom, and the loveliest Bride.

Ye happy Parents, bless your prudent Care ;
For sure no other Arms deserv'd the Fair :
But when our Souls are warm'd with virtuous Fires,
A certain Providence the Choice inspires.

Well then ye finish'd what his Hand begun,
And pick'd from Thousands this more worthy Son,

O! may the lasting Flame still brighter Burn ;
May the blest'd Day with fuller Joy return ;
While in each Breast a secret Transport glides,
To see the *Mother's* Name succeed the *Bride's*.





On the Death of Mr. HAWTREY.

AS when the King of Peace and Lord of Love
Sends down some brighter Angel from Above,
Pleas'd with the Beauties of the heav'nly Guest,
A while we view him, in full Glory drest;
But he, impatient from his Heav'n to stay,
Soon disappears, and wings his airy Way:
So did'st thou vanish, eager to appear,
And shine triumphant in thy Native Sphere.

Yet had'st thou all that Virtue can bestow,
What the Good practise, and the Learned know,
All that the Soul to Extasy inspires,
When lost in Love she pleasantly retires,
Such Transports as those heav'nly Mortals share,
Who know not whether they are mounted there,
Or have brought Heav'n to meet them in a Pray'r.

How

How shall I praise? How make thy Virtues known,
 By every Tongue commended but thy own?
 Strong were thy Thoughts, yet Reason bore the Sway;
 Humble, yet Learn'd; tho' Innocent, yet Gay:
 All Autumn's Riches in thy Spring were found,
 And blooming Youth with Hoary Wisdom crown'd;
 Yet tho' so fair thy Flow'r of Life began,
 It wither'd e'er it ripen'd into Man.

Thus in the Theatre the Scenes unfold
 A thousand Wonders glorious to behold;
 And here or there, as the Machine extends,
 A Heroe rises, or a God descends;
 But soon the momentary Pleasure flies,
 And the gay Scenes are ravish'd from our Eyes.

Ye Sacred Doors, his frequent Visits tell,
 Thou Court where God himself delights to dwell;
 Thou Mystick Table, and thou Holy Feast,
 How often have you seen the Sacred Guest?

How

How oft his Soul with Heavenly Manna fed,

His Faith enliven'd, while his Sin lay Dead?

O may the Thought his Friend's Devotion raise!

O may he Imitate as well as Praise!

Awake, my heavy Soul, and upward fly,

Speak to the Saint, and meet him in the Sky,

And ask the certain Way to rise as High!



PSALM



PSALM the VIth

PARAPHRAS'D.

LORD, when thy fearful Indignation Burns,
 And all thy Mildness into Anger turns,
 When Mercy sleeps a while, and Justice wakes,
 And Vengeance on the Trembling Sinner takes,
 O! then, O! then, thy Triple Scourge forbear,
 Thy *David*, O! thy guilty *David* spare.
 I bend already to the galling Yoke,
 Weak is my Body, and my Bones are broke;
 My fleshy Fabric, *Lord*, is all unsound,
 O! pour thy healing Balm into my Wound;

Uneasy

Uneasy Thoughts sit heavy on my Breast,
My Soul is with the mighty Load oppress'd;
But, *Lord*, how long wilt thou deny me Rest?
How long shall I unto my *God* complain?
Turn thy redeeming Hand, O! turn again:
I sink, I sink into the dismal Lake!
Save me! O save me for thy Mercy's Sake!
On this side Death thy pitying Ear I crave,
For who remembers thee within the Grave?
Can the mute Tomb its thankful Off'rings raise,
Or breathless Clay grow eloquent, and praise?
Repeated Sighs my sickly Body wear,
And strong Convulsive Groans my Entrails tear;
My Tears perpetual as the Night-Dew fall,
Water my Couch, and wash my Bed with Gall;
Sorrow has all my Blood and Spirits drunk,
My Cheeks are faded, and my Eyes are sunk.
My taunting Enemies around me boast,
Deride my former Strength, and Vigour lost;

But haste away! ye impious Scorners, fly,
The Lord in Pity has observ'd my Cry;
The Lord again his bended Suppliant hears,
Grants his Petition, and receives his Tears:
My scornful Foes shall tremble at his Name,
And in their sudden Flight confess their Shame.





TO THE
Lady *W—y·M—e*,

UPON HER

POEMS

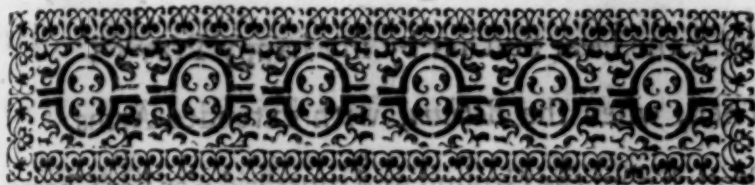
Being publish'd without a Name.

NO Critick's Wit, or Censure can accuse
Unbrib'd Applauses to an unknown *Muse*;
The Worth of Praises bears one certain Mark,
And, like good Deeds, are truest in the Dark:
Had we beheld the Beauties you possess,
We might give *more* — and yet *Ten* merit *less*;

Coxcombs and Fops might say, to our Disgrace,
We writ not to your Head — but to your Face.

Such Praise is yours, as when some *Angel* sings,
Hiding his Heavenly Form beneath his Wings,
We know not whom to thank, yet ravish'd, hear,
And call the Soul to listen at the Ear.

Great Minds are Secret; but the Vain stand forth,
And call the Publick to commend their Worth;
Strangers to Pleasures of a Soul refin'd,
They love *Fame's* Trumpet for the Noise, and Wind.
Thus *Insects* play and hover in the Light,
While the bold *Eagle* mounts beyond our Sight,
Thus Streams in Subterraneous Channels glide,
Yet paint the Meadows in their Summer Pride;
The Swain unknowing mows the fertile Green,
And reaps the Blessings of a Pow'r unseen.



The *Fifth* ELEGY of the First Book of
CATULLUS.

To DELIA.

IN a Hot Fit I boasted I could bear.

A Woman's Anger, and despise the Fair:

But Coward I, am all unmann'd again;

A sudden Frenzy works my madding Brain.

Raging, I move, like whirling Tops, around,

Which sportive Boys keep giddy on the Ground.

Punish my Pride, and teach me, by my Pain,

To use my Mistress in an humbler Strain.

Yet spare me; by our Joys I beg for Grace,

By *Venus*, by Thy own more lovely Face!

For

For I, when wasting Sickness seiz'd my Fair,
 Sav'd the Dear Suff'rer by my happy Pray'r;
 Then, when the *Beldam*, with extended Arms,
 Stretch'd on the Ground, and mutter'd o'er her Charms,
 I purify'd Thee round with Sulph'rous Streams,
 I burnt the Barley-Cake to guard Thy Dreams.
 Nine Times, all loosely drest, with Vows Divine
 At Midnight I address'd *Diana's* Shrine.
 All Things I did, that could my Passion prove,
 And yet, — Another now enjoys my Love,
 His is the Harvest of my constant Cares,
 And His the Fruit of my successful Pray'rs:

But I, poor Wretch, if Thou wert well again,
 Flatter'd my self with Golden Dreams, in vain.—
 I fancy'd how I would from Town retreat,
 And carry *Delia* to my Country-Seat,
 She will, I cry'd, o'erlook my Harvest Store,
 While the full Ears are grinding on the Floor.

She, while the Workmen at the Vintage toil,
 Will guard the Casks, and on the Pressers smile.
 Or learn to count my Flock upon the Plain,
 Or grow familiar with my Household Train:
 Hear my Slaves prattle, let the playful Boy
 Lean on her Breast, and with his Mistress toy:
 Or condescend to learn, at leisure Hours,
 To bring fit Off'rings to the Rural Pow'rs;
 Grapes at the Vintage, Corn at Harvest bear,
 And give a Victim for the woolly Care.
 May She rule all my House, I careless roam,
 Happy in being *No Body at Home!*
 Hither shalt thou, *Messala*, come; for Thee
Delia shall cull the Fairest, Choiceest Tree:
 She, with Officious Pride, shall still attend,
 And spread the Table for my noble Friend:
 And, in Regard of his exalted State,
 Herself turn Servant, and in Person wait.
 Such was the Scheme of Pleasure I design'd,
 But, ah! my Pray'rs are scatter'd by the Wind.

Since

Since This, I try'd to drink away my Cares;
 But cruel Grief turn'd ev'ry Draught to Tears.
 As often have I try'd Another's Kifs;
 But, in the Moment of approaching Blifs,
Venus reminded Me of *Delia's* Charms,
 And left me languid in the Fair One's Arms.
 The disappointed Dame my Weakness tells,
 Then says, that I am curs'd by Magick Spells.
 And curs'd I am, my Curses are the Charms
 Of *Delia's* Hair, and Neck, and waxen Arms.
 Such was fair *Thetis*, when the Sea-green Dame
 To *Peleus* on a bridled *Dolphin* came.

But my Misfortune is, a Wealthy Fool,
 And a damn'd Bawd, have made me *Delia's* Tool.
 For the damn'd Bawd, may Poison taint her Blood,
 May rotten Carcasses be all her Food!
 May Screech-Owls fright her with their Midnight
 (Cries,
 And wailing Spectres skim before her Eyes!

May

May She the bitter Pangs of Hunger feel,
Rob Dog-Kennels, and Graves, to make a Meal!
May She howl Mad, and Naked thro' the Town,
And rav'nous Blood-Hounds hunt the *Beldam* down!

This to the *Bawd*. Ye Gods, regard my Pray'r,
And, lo! they do: For Lovers are their Care.
Neglected Truth a sure Resentment draws,
And *Venus* will revenge the faithful Cause.

But Thou, my Fair, the *Bawd's* Advice remove;
For Gold and Presents are the Bane of Love.
The *Poor* will ever on thy Side attend,
The truest Lover, and sincerest Friend;
He'll be your Guard, conduct you safe along,
Free from the Rudeness of the pressing Throng.
He, to conceal your Pleasures, will descend,
Nay, help Undress you for a private Friend.
Alas! I sing in vain; in vain I wait;
Money, not Words, must move the stubborn Gate.

But Thou, now happy in my *Delia's* Smiles,
 I warn Thee, fence against thy Rival's Wiles:
 Fortune is light, and often changes Hands;
 Ev'n Now, with some Design, *that* Fellow stands,
 Who watches at her Gate with careful Eyes,
 And now before, and now behind Him spies;
 Passes the House with a pretended Haste,
 And in a little Time returns as fast,
 And hems, before the Door, at ev'ry Cast.
 Inventive Love designs some artful Plot,
 Some Stratagem of War, I know not What.
 But you improve your Minutes while you may,
 Yet know, you *Anchor* in a doubtful Bay.





A N

A P O L O G Y

F O R

Loving a *Widow*.

TELL me not *Celia* once did Bless
Another Mortal's Arms ;
That cannot make *My* Passion less,
Nor mitigate *Her* Charms.

Shall I refuse to quench *My* Thirst,
Depending Life to save,
Because some doughty Shepherd first
Has kiss'd the smiling Wave ?

K 2

No,

No, no; methinks 'tis wond'rous Great,
 And suits a Noble Blood,
 To have in *Love*, as well as *State*,
 A *Taster* to Our *Food*.



PRO.



PROLOGUE

TO THE

CRUEL GIFT, a Tragedy.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

Written in the Year 1717.

THIS Play (I wonder how the Thing could hold!)

Is, if I reckon right, Two Winters old;

It should have courted you the last hard Frost,

But you in *Ice* and *Politicks* were lost,

Two slipp'ry *Things*—Some know it to their Cost.

The prudent Mother, therefore, with good Reason,

Wean'd not this Child before a better Season:

Well-pleas'd, she sees the Madness of the Age

Spent in an Impotent Successless Rage.

From

From civil Life transfer your Horrors *here*,
And give to *Tragedy* its proper Sphere.

Our *Woman* says, for 'tis a *Woman's* Wit, *
(That *single Word* will gain us half the *Pit*)
This is her first Attempt in *Tragick-Stuff*;
And here's *Intrigue*, and *Plot*, and *Love* enough,
The Devil's in it, if the *Sex* can't write
Those Things in which *They* take the most Delight:
If she has touch'd these *Scenes* with artful Care,
Be kind, and all her smaller Failings spare.
The *Ladies* sure will ease a *Woman's* Fears
For common Pity's Sake, the *Men* for *Theirs*.

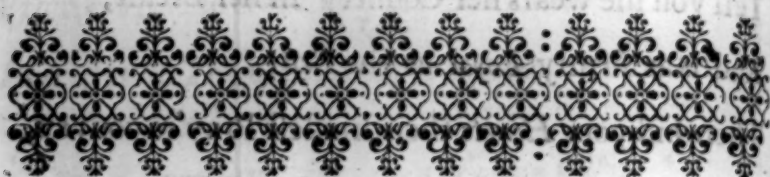
On Hopes like these her *Tragedy* depends,
Not on confed'rate Clubs of clapping Friends,
Dispos'd in Parties to support her Cause,
And Bully you by Noise into Applause.
If she must sue, she scorns those vulgar Arts,
But fain by nobler Means would win your Hearts;

Tell

* Written by Mrs. Centlivre.

Tell you she wears her Country in her Breast,
 And is as firmly *Loyal* as the *Best*;
 Then bid your *Hearts* their kindest *Pray'rs* convey,
 And meet your coming *Monarch* on his Way;
 Who, from one *Peaceful Journey*, brings us more
 Than our long *List* of *Conq'ring Kings* before;
 For ne'er did *Britain's Hopes* so highly *Tow'r*,
 Or promise such a glorious *Stretch of Row'r*,
 As on that Day, which shall to Council bring
 The *Bravest Senate*, and the *Greatest King*;
 Whose rip'ning Schemes shall distant Nation's Rule,
 Make *Tyrants Tremble*, and *Divans* grow *Cool*:
 To *Britain's Ensigns* then, as They Decree,
 The World shall strike by *Land*, as well as *Sea*.





EPILOGUE

TO THE

Artful Husband, a Comedy.

Spoken by Mrs. THURMOND.

G Allants, without a Length of Formal Speeches,
How did you like Me in my Sparkish Breeches?

Did not my Motions promise Manly Pleasure,
And seem to signify much Hidden Treasure?

Alas! alas! my Buxom Widow thought
She had a Bargain in the *Thing* she bought.
You all well know their Consciences, but still
It is the Trial proves the Fencer's Skill:
And when it came to That, upon my Word,
I way'd the Fight, because I had no *Sword*.

Oh!

O! 'twas a lovely Scene between us Two,
When Stocking tofs'd, the Company withdrew.
How oft my wishing Widow cry'd, *My Dear,*
And tofs'd, and sigh'd, and whisper'd in my Ear;
While I, pretending Sleep, the Pillow press'd,
And left my *Phoenix* burning in her Nest.
You saw how in the Morning she behav'd,
True to her Sex, how like a Wife she rav'd;
The Copy of those Lectures at your Houses,
From the shrill Tongues of disappointed Sponges.
Well, when that Part was over, something still
Was wanting to compleat a *Woman's Will*,
To change the Words, *For Better and for Worse*,
Into the comfortable Sound, *Divorce*.
This I perform'd too with that dext'rous Art,
I got Two Fortunes, and One Lover's Heart.

No more, ye Beauties, then these Shifts despise,
But stoop to wear the *Breeches* deep Disguise.

If *before* Wedlock they deserve this Praise,
You're sure to wear 'em *after*, all your Days.
But now the Secret's out, and it is plain
That I am downright *Woman* once again.
You *Men* are fancying the Ways and Means
To prove the Truth of this behind the Scenes:
But work not faith the Cunning of your Brains,
You'll have but just your Labour for your Pains;
For it is hard, if I, who you all know
Have bit a *Widow*, cannot bite a *Beau*.





*To Major PACK, upon Reading
his POEMS.*

Sway'd by the vulgar Tide, (forgive the Wrong)
I thought before I heard your pow'rful Song,
In noisy *War* the *Muses* Voice was Mute,
Nor hop'd to find the *Trumpet* near the *Lute*.
But now I see, from thy melodious Lays,
The *Laurel* well may mingle with the *Bays*;
The *Warriour's* *Oak* may tremble on the *Crest*,
And yet the *Lover's* *Myrtle* shade the *Breast*.

Minerva thus in *Homer's* Camp is seen;
How the Maid threatens with a Warlike Mien;
Now in soft Words perswades the giddy Throng,
And melts in Musick on *Ulysses's* Tongue.

So on the Bosom of the *Thames* unite
 The Fruits of gentle *Peace*, and Pomp of *Fight*.
 Here breathe the Spicy Gums from *India's* Shores,
 In Thunder there the *Royal Navy* Roars.

May *Britain* never want such Sons as you,
 To Fight her Battels, and Record them too.
Tyrtaeus so led *Sparta's* Soldiers on,
 Then sung the Trophies which himself had won.
 Be this thy Double Praise; While we commend
 The *Wars* you Write, the *Freedom* you Defend.

F I N I S.





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T A B L E.

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